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HEAVY METAL

IND 36587

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

LES HUMANOIDES ASSOCIES

Distributed by HM Communications, Inc.

CHAIN MAIL

The Editors:

Heavy Metal is an extraordinary magazine and I will continue to buy it (probably)...no matter what. But I'll be spending my buck fifty every month because of the art—despite the presence of punk, pseudo-intellectual editors. Julie Simmons deserves to have her smart ass kicked, and I would dearly love to be the one to do it. New York, unfortunately, is 10,000 light years away....

In recent letters, some of your readers have complained about the sexist nature of *some* of the strips. The artists in question undoubtedly have twisted attitudes towards women—that's as plain as the ink on your fucking pages—but Julie Simmons refuses to admit it. Instead, she prefers to crap on everybody, knowing full well that she has the last say. Big deal, Julie—you're just an editor on a magazine that has fewer words in it than *People*.

The two ladies who wrote in complaining about the sexism had a point. All Simmons had to do was acknowledge that.

Great sexist art is still great art. I'll take it if there's nothing better...and all I want from Julie Simmons, managing editor, is assurance that there *is* nothing better. She can take her lectures (*HM* 5/78) and cram them 'cause they ain't worth a buck fifty and neither is she.

Mark Hume
Victoria, B.C.

Whoooooo, doggies! What a vicious tongue! I sincerely feel you blew my replies to our women's lib activists a tad out of proportion. I appreciate your enthusiasm, but cool off, buddy!—Julie Simmons, "punk, pseudo-intellectual editor."

Metal People:

It seems to me that you people made a small error in translation in the final part of Druillet's "Urm the Mad." You quote a poet as saying, "There is no death beyond the gates eternal, but eons hence a stranger will come, and death itself shall die." Nothing wrong with that, really, but it reminds me of a famous couplet by the poet Howard Phillips Lovecraft, which goes:

"That is not dead which can
eternal lie,
And with strange eons, even
death may die."

continued on page 12

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HEAVY METAL

Vol. II, No. 5 September 1978

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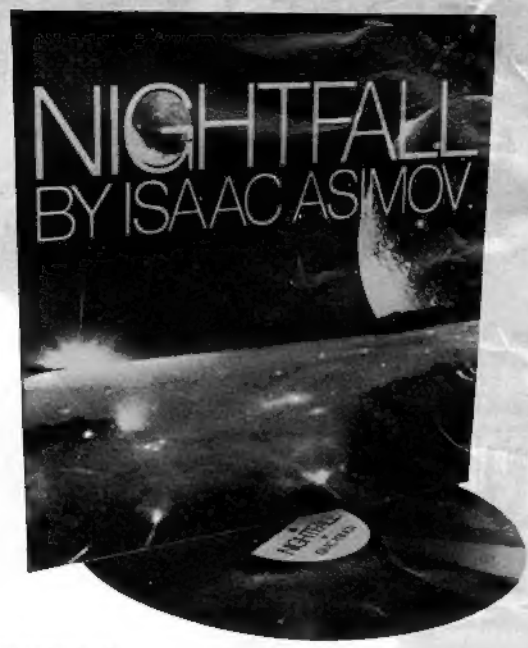

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HM8

ADDITIONALLY...

We begin this eighteenth edition with a heartfelt cry from the depths of the slush pile. No more unsolicited manuscripts, please! Ms Simmons (as all old pros know, ms is short for manuscript) can no longer find the inner strength to carry on the silent and tedious gong show she undertakes when scanning the things. Her fingers are raw from opening them, her tongue in traction from licking stamped, self-addressed return envelopes. She resembles no one so much as Titus Andronicus's daughter Lavinia, who, according to the stage direction, enters "with her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and ravished." Ravished, in this case, refers rather to the condition of the woman's mind, reeling under the impact of yet another tale of interspecies sex aboard an orbiting time machine.

The issue you are holding, you will notice, contains rather more than the usual quotient of intentional humor. While it is not our plan to take on the *National Lampoon* in a battle for boffs, we did feel that—as another school year approaches—our readers could use a little whimsy.

Next month is our Hallowe'en special, a celebration of the fantasy fans' feast. In its honor, we will present the Bill Stout illustrated version of Harlan Ellison's spook classic, *Shattered Like a Glass Goblin*, and Mark Wheatley's insalubrious saga of dragons' puberty rites. Can you wait?

Illustration by Druillet

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Every other week, NEW TIMES publishes insightful and incisive articles on the otherwise unreported events that are really shaping our lives. Thanks to the hard-nosed reporting and finely crafted writing of our contributors, we've dropped more than our share of media bombshells, and caught the other news magazines with their deadlines down.

NEW TIMES exposed the dubious wit and wisdom of Earl Butz, costing the Secretary of Agriculture his job and possibly Jerry Ford the '76 election.

NEW TIMES alone bothered to interview SLA leaders William and Emily Harris in their jail cells during the Patty Hearst trial, coming up with testimony that blew Patty's defense to bits and led to her conviction.

NEW TIMES went to Washington and discovered a Capitol Hill lifestyle better suited to the ancient Roman Senate than the U.S. Congress. From lavishly appointed offices to dollar haircuts to outrageous freebies, the Imperial Congress is living it up, courtesy of your hard-earned tax dollars.

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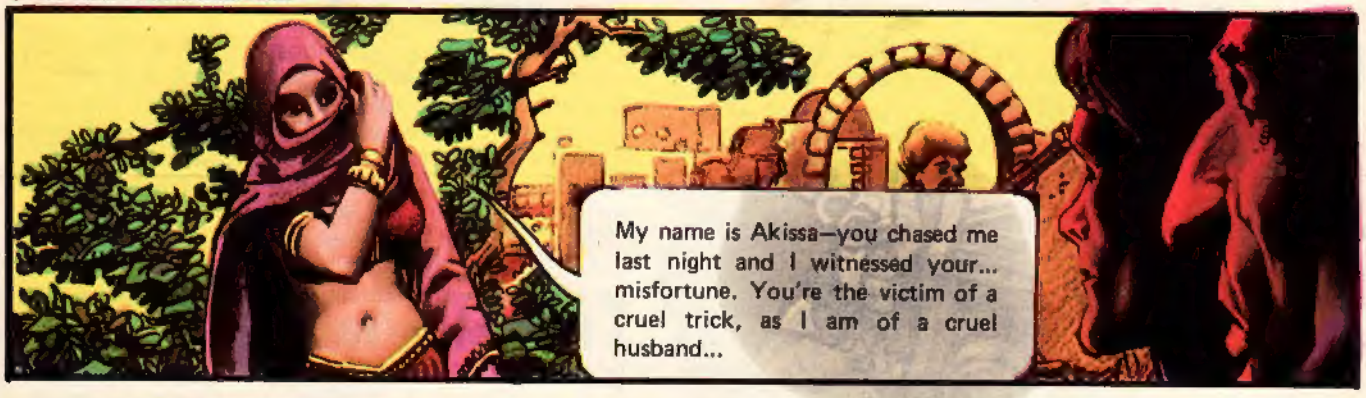
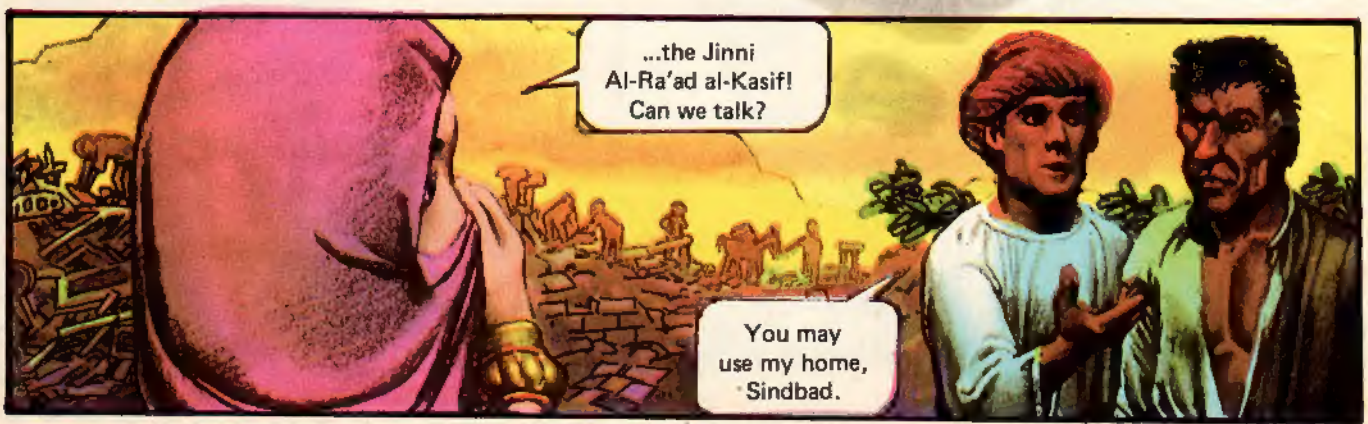
Sindbad in the Land of the Jinn

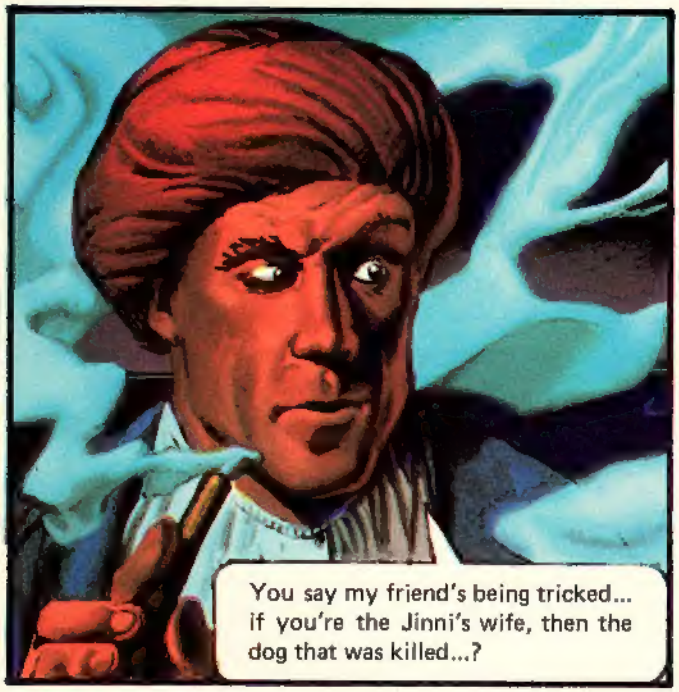
So you haven't a clue to Zulaykha's whereabouts?
None! Her relations extend well into the magical realms...to lands more familiar to the Jinni than to me. I can't even **begin** to look, but I **must**—this is all my fault!
New Tales of the Arabian Nights
Sindbad...?

©1978 Richard Corben & Jan Strnad


My name is Akissa—you chased me last night and I witnessed your... misfortune. You're the victim of a cruel trick, as I am of a cruel husband...



I can't endure my husband's malicious nature any longer, Sindbad! I'll do whatever I must to obtain a divorce.
Divorce from an Ifrit? Who has the authority to grant such a thing?
Zu'l Janahayn... King of all Kings of the Jinn!
Akissa...


You say my friend's being tricked... if you're the Jinni's wife, then the dog that was killed...?

Just an alley mongrel Al-Ra'ad would have used for his own sick pleasure, and as an excuse to torment Sindbad!

You see, Sindbad, you too have cause to seek justice from Zu'l Janahayn....
Will you help me lead a caravan into the land of the Jinn?

It seems my only hope.

"So with Akissa leading and with my remaining fortune as a gift for Zu'l Janahayn, we began our laborious journey...."

"Weeks passed and we entered the nexus between our world and that of the Jinn. As the desert became less hospitable to human travelers, wells and water became luxuries of the past. . . ."
At this rate we'll be slaughtering the camels to water the horses.
Probably.
to be contin

6 FROM

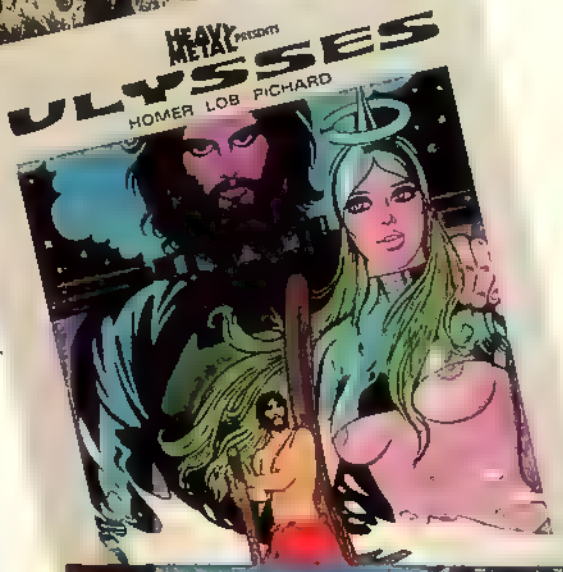
PSYCHOROCK: Five stories by Sergio Macedo that have made him a cult figure wherever people have seen the sky rip open and intergalactic bikers battle android overlords for the favors of goddess-groupies to the sound of punk rock. Sixty-four pages in black and white with a bizarre four-color cover. Large size 11″ by 9″. $3.95. HM4010

ARZACH: All four of the brilliant, full-color adventures of Moebius's pterodactyl-riding hero, acclaimed as works of genius when they appeared in the first issues of *Heavy Metal* magazine. Plus the amazing, animated story of the man who cracked the Cosmic Egg. Sixty-four pages including thirty-two of perhaps the most astounding color you will ever see on paper. $6 95. HM4011

CANDICE AT SEA: A new comic heroine, in the great tradition of Barbarella, Phoebe Zeitgeist, and Modesty Blaise, Candice, who can't seem to find a thing to wear, is shanghaied, plundered, keelhauled, and otherwise entertained for sixty-four pages of nautical insanity in perhaps the sexiest black and white ever drawn. Heavy chrome coat cover. 9″ by 11″. $3.95. HM4012

HEAVY METAL

CONQUERING ARMIES: From *Heavy Metal* magazine, the dream epic of fierce horsemen who have never lost a battle and never won a war, who have always come and gone and who will always return. Script by *Metal Hurlant* editor Jean-Pierre Dionnet, with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gal. Large size 9¾" x 13¼". $4.95. HM4013



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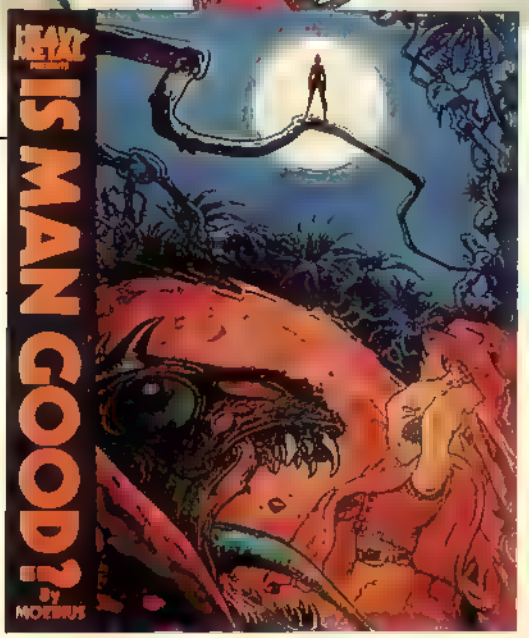

IS MAN GOOD?: From *Heavy Metal's* first year, the collected full-color Moebius, including the sixteen-page space-spy saga, "The Long Tomorrow," the beautiful "Ballade," the eerie "Small Universe," and the utterly grotesque title story. This fifty-six page book includes all the covers, one-pagers, jokes, nightmares and endpapers done so far by Moebius, *Heavy Metal's* most acclaimed author-artist. Full-color illustrations throughout. 9" x 11". $5 95. HM4015

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Continued from page 1

Druillet's translation of Lovecraft was probably accurate, and your translation of Druillet was probably accurate, but as you can see, your version lacks the power of Lovecraft's

While I'm here, I might as well throw in a bit of praise. I'll just say that *Heavy Metal* is better while stoned, and being stoned is better with *Heavy Metal*

Rick Hunik,
Quesnel, B C

Dear *Heavy Metal,*

Wow! Consider this mind suitably croggled. *HM* #15 was superb -the best issue to date!

The Corben/Strnad epic, "New Tales of the Arabian Nights," excites me no end. I eagerly look forward to subsequent chapters. Corben's art is superb, and the subtlety of the writing and plotting leaves me gaping in open-mouthed admiration.

But "Sabre" angered me. To tease your loyal readers with this marvelous tale of politics and adventure, then blithely tell us we can buy the whole story for six bucks is a crime. You should have bought and run the entire epic, even if it meant pawning your souls

"More Than Human" is eye-riveting in its art, color, and layout The story, of course, is a classic, and well-deserving of Nino's truly admirable talents.

Kofoed's "Galactic Geographic" is always a fascinating slice of other life. "Report V.1" is one of the best space operas I've seen better in some aspects than *Planet Stories* or *Star Wars*

Sadly, the rest of the 'zine failed to meet the high standards of the first two thirds. There are many who will choke and call upon various arcane gods at your description of Bob Ault as a Bodé disciple. "Evolution" demonstrates his talents as a colorist, but on the whole, it struck me as a very shallow, very pale imitation of Vaughn Bodé at his best His artwork is crude and his theme juvenile However, he does have some promise; the sequence on the bottom half of page 71 was inspired.

Buzz Dixon
North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Buzz: Thanks for the freelance review. Problem was, we couldn't get *all of Sabre; it had been sold elsewhere, and the best we could do was that sneak preview. Pawn* your *soul and shell out six bucks for the book. Eds*

Dear *Heavy Metal* editors·

I am an avid reader of your magazine and find it fascinating. But I have one chief complaint. Just because a story is violent, disgusting, full of sex, and pointless does not make it good. Case in point: your June 1978 story "Evolution"

David F.
New York

Dear David. May we call you "F"? We seldom choose a story just because it is disgusting. Or pointless. But when we get one like "Evolution," which is also full of sex and violence, we can't resist.—Eds.

Dear Heavies,

Love your magazine (will even tolerate certain dumb strips like those of Macedo and I thought all the hippies died in 1970) to get at classics like Druillet and Moebius. Am surprised it took this long for folks in the publishing biz on this side of the Atlantic to get smart and catch up with the work of the humanoids. Am left with a couple of qualms (*not* an extinct flightless bird) though. Is it true you first write your ads in French and then translate 'em into cumbersome English? And I've heard rumors of a feature-length animated film based on Druillet's "Lone Sloane" epic -is this just tropical madness or swamp gas or what!

Bruce Townley
Alexandria, Va

Dear Bruce· We'll have you know that all our ads are personally scripted by publisher Matty Simmons, the man who invented the Grasshopper and who is a personal friend of Earl Wilson. As for the Lone Sloane feature, everyone in Paris is five minutes into an animation feature. It's all the rage this season. Simone De Beauvoir is doing one with Macedo....—Eds.

Metalik Direktors.

Even though your "Amerikanised" version is not as risqué as the original editions by the Associated Humanoids in gay Paree, still your magazine is a now, very now *mindwarp*!!! Moebius's "Arzak," "Long Tomorrow," and "Airtight Garage," plus Druillet's "Gail," "Lone Sloane/Delirius," and "Urm" are what I call *now*! The use of wide angle, panoramas, subjective, pans, and zooms accentuate their work as well as giving them artistic license. The only complaint I have is that they all stress visual over narrative and the results can sometimes be a bit lopsided. It is my belief that the best storytellers are Moebius and Amerikan artist Richard "Gore" Corben. (It surprises me that many letter hacks believe him to be an exponent of Europe by descent, yes but he is very Amerikan. They are obviously not familiar with his works for *Slow Death, Rowlf, Squa Tront & Creepy, Eerie, Vampirella* comix.

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Metalik Direktors.

Even though your "Amerikanised" version is not as risqué as the original editions by the Associated Humanoids in gay Paree, still your magazine is a now, very now *mindwarp*!!! Moebius's "Arzak," "Long Tomorrow," and "Airtight Garage," plus Druillet's "Gail," "Lone Sloane/Delirius," and "Urm" are what I call *now*! The use of wide angle, panoramas, subjective, pans, and zooms accentuate their work as well as giving them artistic license. The only complaint I have is that they all stress visual over narrative and the results can sometimes be a bit lopsided. It is my belief that the best storytellers are Moebius and Amerikan artist Richard "Gore" Corben. (It surprises me that many letter hacks believe him to be an exponent of Europe by descent, yes but he is very Amerikan. They are obviously not familiar with his works for *Slow Death, Rowlf, Squa Tront & Creepy, Eerie, Vampirella* comix.

ANCIENT LEGENDS TELL OF QUEEN ESOREL, LEADER OF THE AMAZING BUBBLE-WOMEN OF RELDA.
ESOREL, FOR WANT OF A HUMANOID LOVER, BECAME ENAMORED OF THE OLDEST LIVING THING ON THE PLANET, THE TALL, BLACK
Smadakcaj Tree
©1978 JOHN AND CATHERINE WORKMAN
AND WHEN IT DIED...
...THE SORROWFUL AND UNFORTUNATE MAIDEN FLOATED TO A HEIGHT OF 69,012 SNOTAE...
...WHERE HER BUBBLE BURST!
WORKMAN '78

has the honor of being to my knowledge the *only* Amerikan artist to have his work printed in the original *Metal Hurlant* editions.)

To D D'Falahee, Lynn Reynolds, and others on the sexist chauvinist concept around *HM*, they are right, but to say that the book does not offer any femme individualists is a lie! I offer Snay Amonn, Kath Loona, the Black Queen albeit the rampant free love pseudo-Communist socialist intelligentsia and perhaps the finest femme I have seen in this book the evil queen in "Den" (who was the only person in that epic who could defeat the mad necromancer Ard Not Den or Kang or even Kath?!!)

As for Corben's recent "Shahrazad:" I thought his artwork was brilliant as always, but his two mistakes were (a) his depiction of the Moslems as Europeans; obviously, artist Corben does not know that Arabia isn't far from Afrika Kush and that the populace is Afro-Asiatic and (b) Moslems muslims moors have a profound respect for their women and would not allow them to bare their flesh so brazenly or reveal their faces!

The serializations of Zelazny's "A Rose for Ecclesiastes" and Sturgeon's *More Than Human* are *brilliant* and deserving of AC'BA awards or more! More, more, more!!

On the whole, your magazine is good; keep it well oiled and running smoothly

Let there be light

Don Newsome
Newark, N.J.

Dear Don: Don't look know, but the com tour typewriter keeps printing k. *Your enthusiasm, however, is infectious and appreciated. Eds*

Dear *Heavy Metal,*

As far as the controversy over whether *Heavy Metal* is too European or not goes, I would have to say that I enjoy the chance to see non-American work It "widens my horizons." Maybe a good American story once in a while but let's keep the concept European

Druillet's full-page pictures in "Urm the Mad" are more than stunning, while his "City of Flowers" was a trip not only in art, but the story was excellent (although predictable)

But the story that hit me the most was F. E. Davis's "Macabres Que" from the "Paradise 9" section Each and every panel had such drama and feeling to it that I was literally dazed after going through it. The fact that this story didn't even have any dialogue helps prove that a picture is worth a thousand words

B. W. Barrows
Overland Park, Ks.

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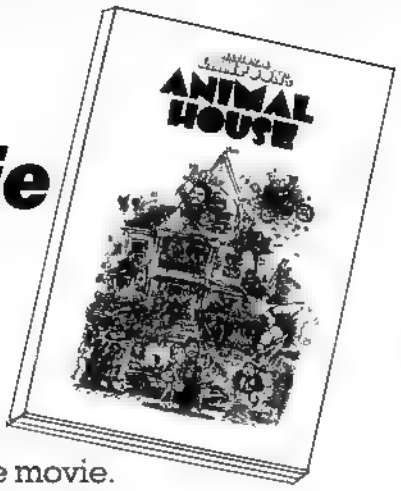
The book behind the movie behind the magazine...



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---

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...color and black and white action shots from the movie and from location shooting at the University of Oregon

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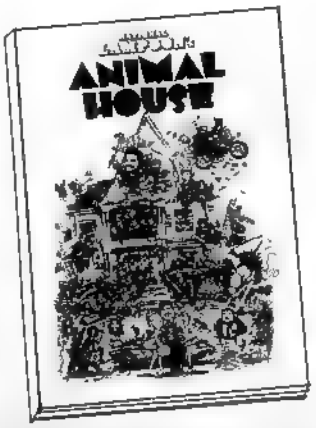

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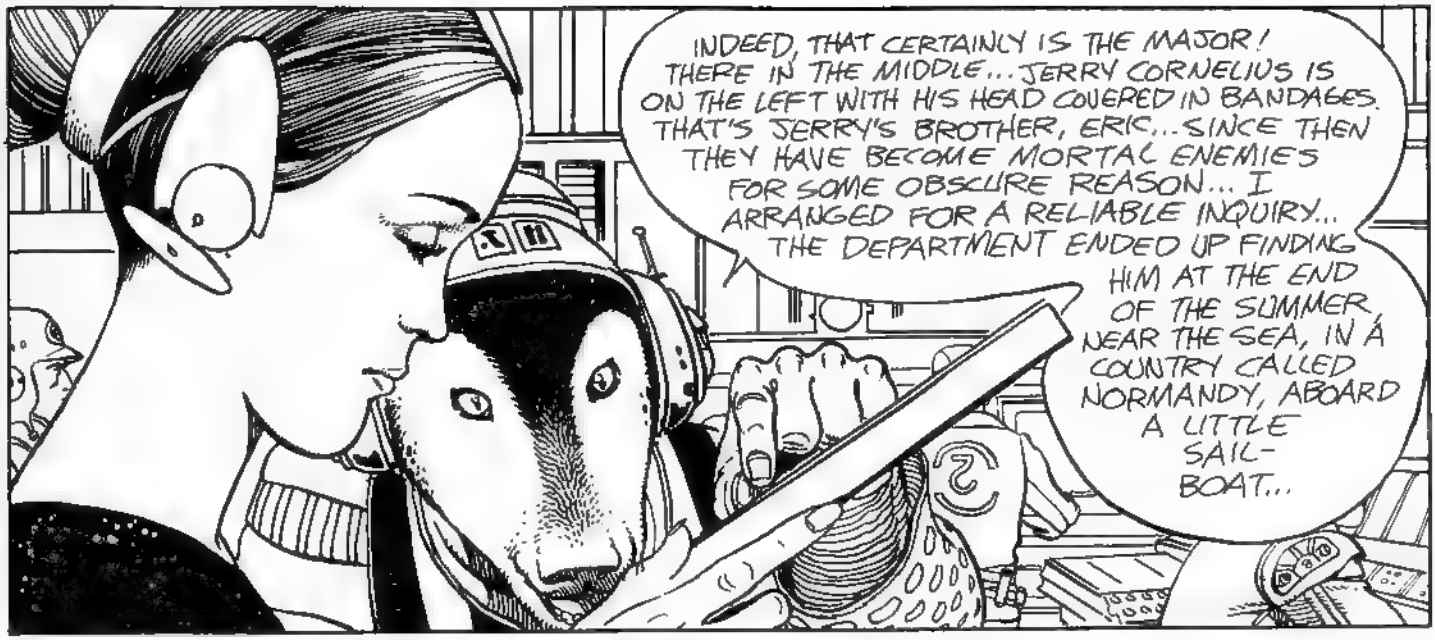
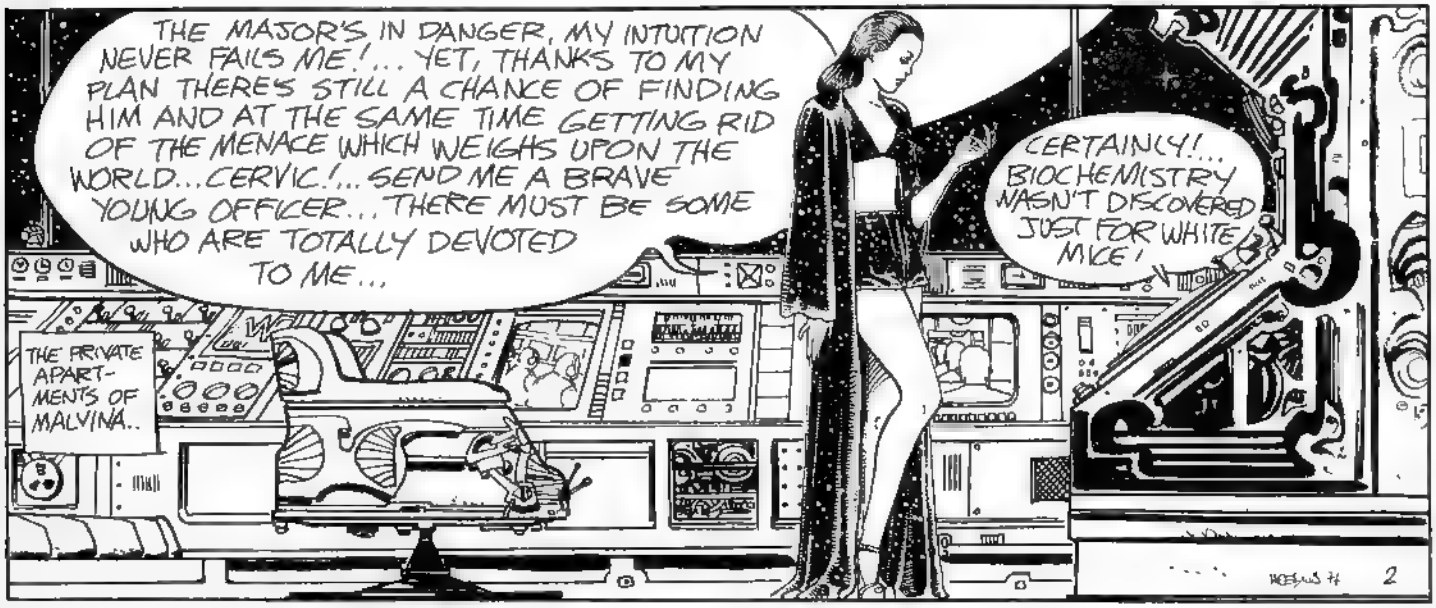
THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE OF JERRY CORNELIUS ☆ BY MOEBIUS, M S F

STORY TO DATE AS HE WALKED ALONG THE RUNWAY AT THE LITTLE AIRPORT OF OBEANT, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS FAVORITE CHOELEM, MAJOR GRUBERT HAD A SORT OF VISION. WITH THE HELP OF THIRTEEN GENERATORS ESPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR THE PURPOSE, GRUBERT (WHO HAD FILED THE PATENT JUST THE DAY BEFORE), COULD TRANSFORM ANY OLD ASTEROID, LOST ANYWHERE IN THE BEYOND, INTO AN ENORMOUS AND COMPLEX WORLD, SUCH AS WAS NEEDED ON SEVERAL LEVELS. THE FOLLOWING EVENTS PROVED HIM RIGHT. IT WAS NOT UNTIL MUCH LATER THAT HE MET MALVINA

MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE CIGJR!...
LOOK! THERE!
MALVINA SLOWLY CROSSED THE GUARDS' ROOM...
THIS SO-CALLED ARDANT ECHOY IS, IN FACT, SPER GOSST.. AN AGENT OF THE TAR'HAI REVIVAL MOVEMENT..
DO WHATEVER IS NECESSARY, CERVIC!
HAVE YOU DISCOVERED THE ORIGIN OF THE DOCUMENT ON JC?
LOOK AT THE ORIGINAL... THE LINES FORMING A "V" BEHIND THE THREE MEN ARE EXACTLY THE SAME AS THOSE DECORATING THE "QUOITS" PLANES DURING THE GREAT AERONAUTIC WAR WHICH RAVAGED THE UNCERTAIN LAND S.D.X. IT'S BEEN TWO MILLENIA SINCE THESE EVENTS TOOK...
THERE! THAT'S CERTAINLY THE MAJOR, ISN'T IT?


INDEED, THAT CERTAINLY IS THE MAJOR! THERE IN THE MIDDLE... JERRY CORNELIUS IS ON THE LEFT WITH HIS HEAD COVERED IN BANDAGES. THAT'S JERRY'S BROTHER, ERIC... SINCE THEN THEY HAVE BECOME MORTAL ENEMIES FOR SOME OBSCURE REASON... I ARRANGED FOR A RELIABLE INQUIRY.. THE DEPARTMENT ENDED UP FINDING HIM AT THE END OF THE SUMMER, NEAR THE SEA, IN A COUNTRY CALLED NORMANDY, ABOARD A LITTLE SAIL-BOAT...

LATER, IN A DESERTED CORRIDOR...


THE MAJOR'S IN DANGER, MY INTUITION NEVER FAILS ME!... YET, THANKS TO MY PLAN THERE'S STILL A CHANCE OF FINDING HIM AND AT THE SAME TIME GETTING RID OF THE MENACE WHICH WEIGHS UPON THE WORLD... CERVIC!... SEND ME A BRAVE YOUNG OFFICER... THERE MUST BE SOME WHO ARE TOTALLY DEVOTED TO ME...
CERTAINLY!... BIOCHEMISTRY WASN'T DISCOVERED JUST FOR WHITE MICE!
THE PRIVATE APART-MENTS OF MALVINA..
2

LARC DALXTRE!... LARC DALXTRE!
THAT'S ME
THE DAMALVINA WANTS TO TALK TO YOU PERSONALLY!
TALK TO ME— PERSONALLY TO ME?... JEEEZZ!!!
WHAT CAN THE GOOD WOMAN ACTUALLY WANT ME FOR?
THIS IS THE MOMENT!
IT'S NOT IN OUR CONTRACTS..
LET'S GO!
MALVINA... THE MAJOR'S "FIANCÉE"! THE QUEEN OF THE COCKPIT? AT LAST... I AM GOING TO "EMBRACE" THIS BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHOM I HAVE LOVED FOR SO LONG IN SECRET..
MOEBIUS 3

Malvina sexual sorceress Deluxe
COME IN! MALVINA AWAITS YOU...
I WILL LEAVE YOU HERE / BE DISCREET... BE CAREFUL..
TRULY. I'M SO HAPPY... I...
THE POWERFUL MAGIC OF MALVINA HAS BEGUN TO TAKE EFFECT!...
CAREFUL...
ALRIGHT, WHERE AM IZ
TO BE CONTINUED..

AS ORION PREPARES HIMSELF FOR CHANDRA'S MASQUERADE FÊTE, SUPPOSEDLY IN "HIS HONOR," HE IS VISITED BY ONE OF THE MASKED GUESTS WHO INSISTS HE MUST LEAVE IMMEDIATELY... OR FORFEIT HIS LIFE!...

ORION

I SAY YOU MUST GO! YOUR HOSTESS HAS INIQUITOUS DESIGNS UPON YOU!

...YES, YES, AND MY BLADE, I KNOW. EVERY DOTTY WIZARD IN THE LAND WISHES TO RELIEVE ME OF ITS BURDEN.

KIND OF YOU TO TROUBLE YOURSELF, MY LADY. FORGIVE ME FOR NOT RISING. COULD YOUR EYES BUT PENETRATE THIS FRAGRANT FROTH, YOU'D SEE THAT I'VE ALREADY PAID YOU THAT COMPLIMENT. SOME WINE, PERHAPS? ...OR MAYBE YOU'D CARE TO JOIN ME? ...PLENTY OF ROOM.

ORION, DON'T JEST. I'VE RISKED A GREAT DEAL IN COMING HERE. CHANDRA MAY DISCOVER US AT ANY MOMENT, MY ONLY WISH IS TO PREVENT ANOTHER DEATH - OR WORSE - AT HER HANDS.

REMOVE YOUR MASK THAT I MAY SEE THE FACE OF MY RESCUER.

NO. I CAN'T!

COME, YOU HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF ME. OBVIOUSLY, I HAVE NOTHING TO CONCEAL.

PLEASE! YOU MUST LET ME CONVINCE YOU OF YOUR DANGER!

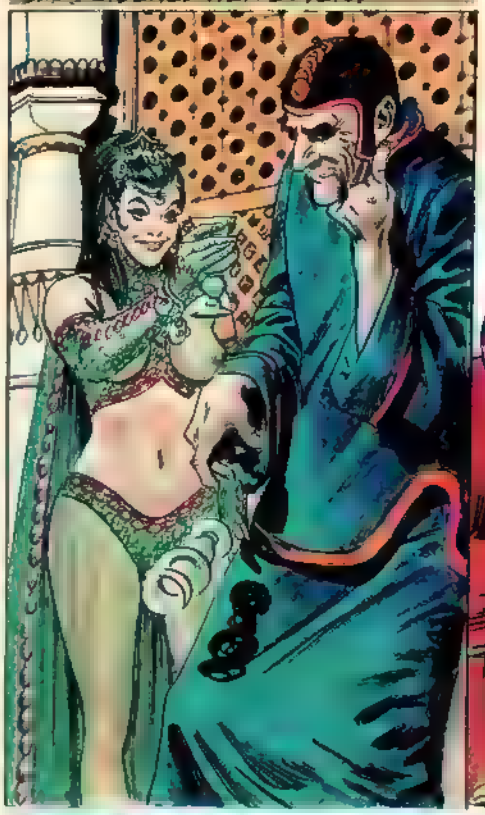
VERY WELL. SIT DOWN AND CONVINCE ME, MISTRESS. GIVE ME A NAME I MAY CALL YOU AND ALL YOUR GOOD REASONS WHY I SHOULD LEAVE THIS DELIGHTFUL BATH.

... AND SO, ORION COMES TO LEARN THE STRANGE TALE OF THE VALLEY OF XANSRA AND ITS MIGHTY SORCERESS, THE BEAUTIOUS SEDUCTRESS, CHANDRA. CHANDRA IS AN IMMORTAL, SAYS ORION'S MASKED COMPANION, WHO CALLS HERSELF SPRITE.

ALL THE OTHER INHABITANTS OF CASTLE CLAW ARE SOULLESS AUTOMATONS, ANIMATED AND CONTROLLED AT CHANDRA'S WHIM TO SIMULATE LIFE.

AGES AGO, A SCIENTIST-MAGICIAN, THON, CREATED AN IMMORTALITY POTION. IN ITS EARLY STAGES, IT WAS ONLY PARTIALLY SUCCESSFUL. LIFE WAS PRESERVED, BUT OF A ZOMBIE-LIKE QUALITY. THEN, IT WAS FINALLY PERFECTED ALONG WITH THE NECESSARY ATMOSPHERE-PRODUCING MACHINES, WHICH PRESERVE THE EFFECT AND HIDE XANSRA FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD UNDER ITS CLOUD COVER.

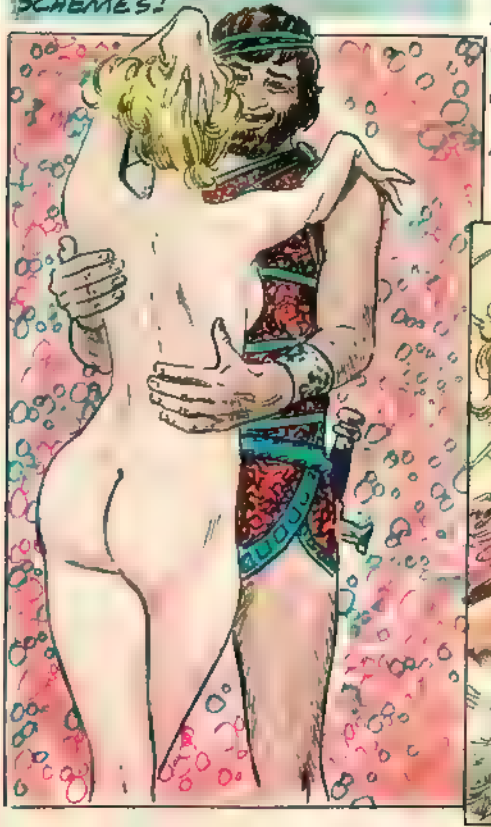
SUCCESS ACHIEVED, THON OFFERED HIS GIFT OF EVERLASTING LIFE TO HIS MISTRESS, THE WICKED CHANDRA AS THEY TOASTED LIFE ETERNAL, SHE POISONED HER LOVER.



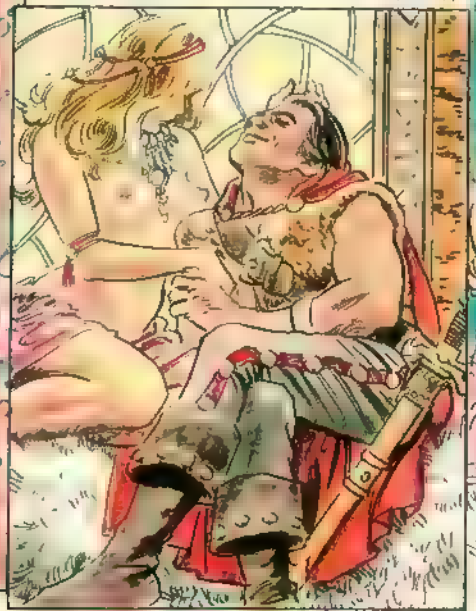
THEN, SHE TRANSFORMED INTO DROONS AND BANISHED ALL WHO SOUGHT TO OPPOSE HER, OR CHANGED THEM INTO THE MINDLESS PUPPETS WHO COMPRISE THE SERVANTS AND GUESTS OF CASTLE CLAW. THEY PROVIDED HER WITH COMFORTS AND DIVERSIONS FOR ALL THE AGES TO COME.

CHANDRA HAS LIVED ALL THE TIME THAT FOLLOWED EXPLORING EVERY EXCESS, INDULGING EVERY WHIM - BUT ALWAYS, SHE WAS CHAINED TO THIS VALE OF PERENNIAL DUSK, FOR TO LEAVE THE LIFE-SUSTAINING AND REGENERATIVE PROPERTIES OF THE VAPOR WOULD MEAN HER FINISH.

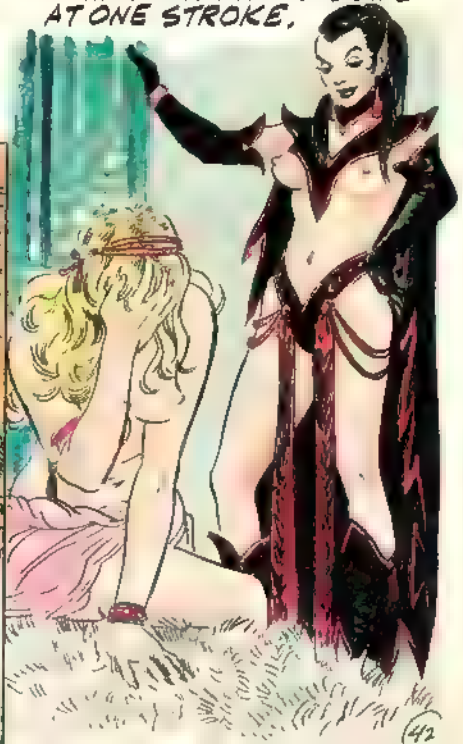
YET A WITCH HAS RESOURCES DENIED TO MERE MORTALS. CHANDRA CAN LEAVE XANSRA BY ONE INIQUITOUS DEVICE... SHE IS ABLE TO DOMINATE SPRITE'S WILL AND TAKE OVER HER HOST BODY, SENDING HER TO THE OUTER WORLD TO ENTRAP UNSUSPECTING DUPES AND LURE THEM BACK FOR HER OWN EVIL SCHEMES!



SPRITE FURTHER RELATES THAT SHE HERSELF IS A MAGICAL AND TOTAL CREATION OF THON'S. NOT TRULY LIVING IN THE HUMAN SENSE, SHE IS A LORELEI, ABSOLUTELY IRRESISTIBLE TO ALL MEN AT FIRST SIGHT, SHE HAS BECOME THE UNWILLING BAIT FOR EACH OF CHANDRA'S NEW LOVERS, WHOM SHE ENTICES FROM THE OUTSIDE BUT WHO NEVER SATISFY CHANDRA LONG ENOUGH TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH... THEY ARE EITHER SLAIN WHEN SHE TIRES OF THEM OR TRANSMOGRIFIED INTO A DROON.



CHANDRA DELIGHTS IN SPRITE'S ANGUISH OVER HER ROLE AS A DECOY AND TAKES RENEWED PLEASURE IN THE HORRIBLE SYMBIOTIC RITUAL EACH TIME IT IS REPEATED. THIS IS A VENGEANCE, FOR EVEN THON, IT SEEMS, WAS UNABLE TO RESIST HIS OWN CREATION, AND THIS WAS THE REASON THE WITCH TOOK HER LOVER'S GIFT OF IMMORTALITY AND HIS LIFE AT ONE STROKE.



CHANDRA HAS AN ULTERIOR PURPOSE IN USING SPRITE TO BRING MEN TO XANSRA; HOWEVER, SHE CANNOT FATHOM THE COMPLEXITIES OF THE VAPOR DEVICES, BUT SHE HOPES TO FIND AN INTELLECT THE EQUAL OF THON WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO FREE HER FROM ABSOLUTE DEPENDENCE UPON THEM. MANY THAT SPRITE PROCURED HAVE TRIED, ALL HAVE FAILED, NONE ESCAPED THE PENALTY OF THEIR INEFFICACY.

BUT NOW, THROUGH HER MAGIC POOL, THE EYE OF THE UNIVERSE, SHE HAS FOUND AN ALIEN MIND WHICH SHE FEELS CERTAIN WILL SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS COULD NOT...

...YET, FOR ALL HER OCCULT ABILITIES, SHE CANNOT BRIDGE THE GAP BETWEEN DIMENSIONS-UNLESS SHE POSSESSES THORBOLT, THE ENCHANTED SWORD. SHE IS DETERMINED TO HAVE IT AND BE FREE AT LAST TO RANGE ALL THE WORLDS OF MANKIND TO WREAK HER WILL.

SPRITE IMPLORES ORION TO BOLT FOR SAFETY. HE IS ALREADY PARTIALLY AFFECTED BY HER CHARMS, THOUGH HER FEATURES, IRRESISTIBLE TO MEN, ARE CONCEALED.

A FASCINATING TALE, MISTRESS SPRITE. IF YOU WOULD GIVE ME YOUR HAND, PLEASE... I SEEM TO HAVE DEVELOPED A CRAMP SITTING IN THIS TEPID WATER...

"...AND AN OVERWHELMING CURIOSITY CONCERNING THE ENCHANTMENT OF YOUR VISAGE..."

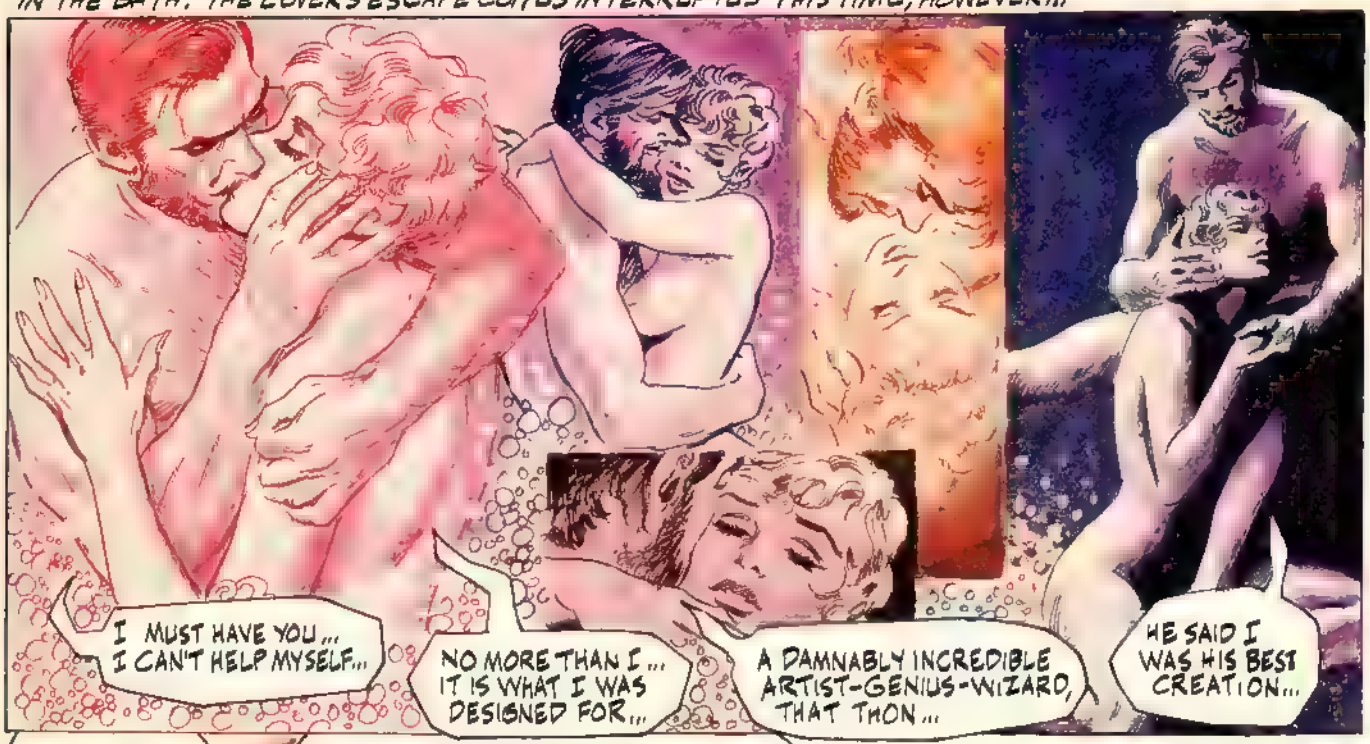
PLEASE! NO!

"...WHICH I DON'T QUITE BELIEVE..."

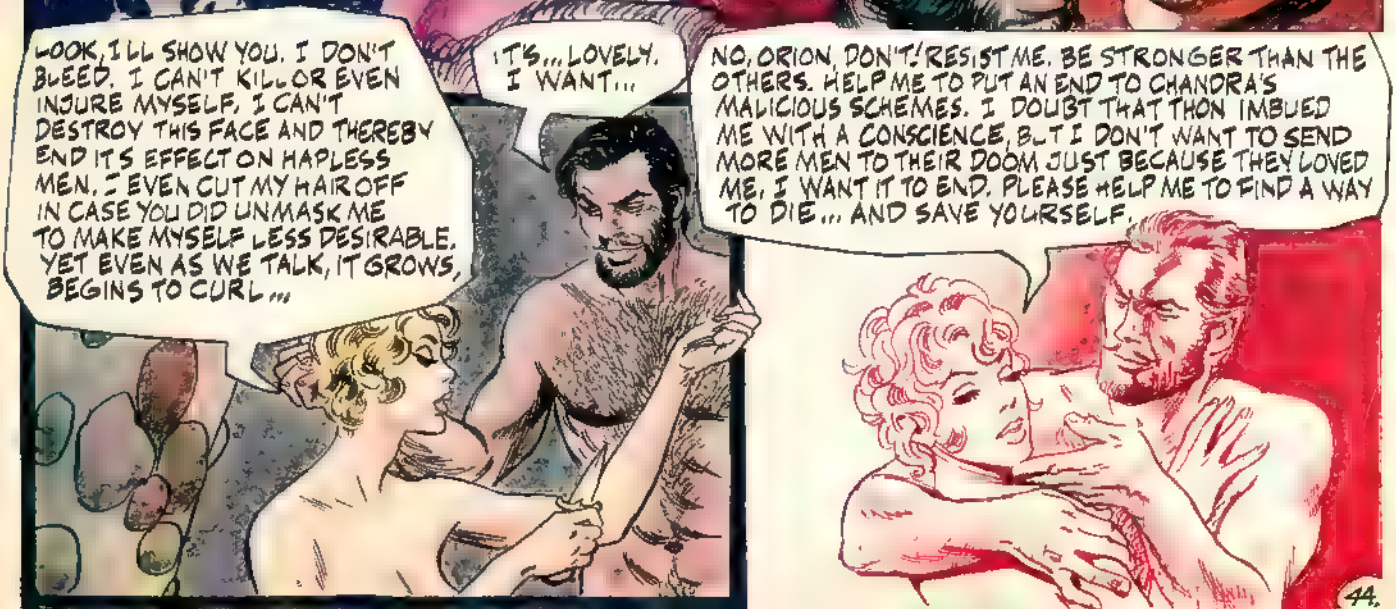
"...IS THE LOVELIEST COUNTENANCE I'VE EVER BEHELD! I THINK..." I LOVE YOU!

YOU FOOL! I WARNED YOU!

NOW A VICTIM HIMSELF OF SPRITE'S ENCHANTMENT, AND HEEDLESS OF HER FEARS THAT CHANDRA MIGHT AT ANY MOMENT DISCOVER THEM BY CONSULTING HER MAGIC POOL-OR WORSE-INVADE HER MIND, ORION TAKES HER IN THE BATH. THE LOVERS ESCAPE COITUS INTERRUPTUS THIS TIME, HOWEVER...

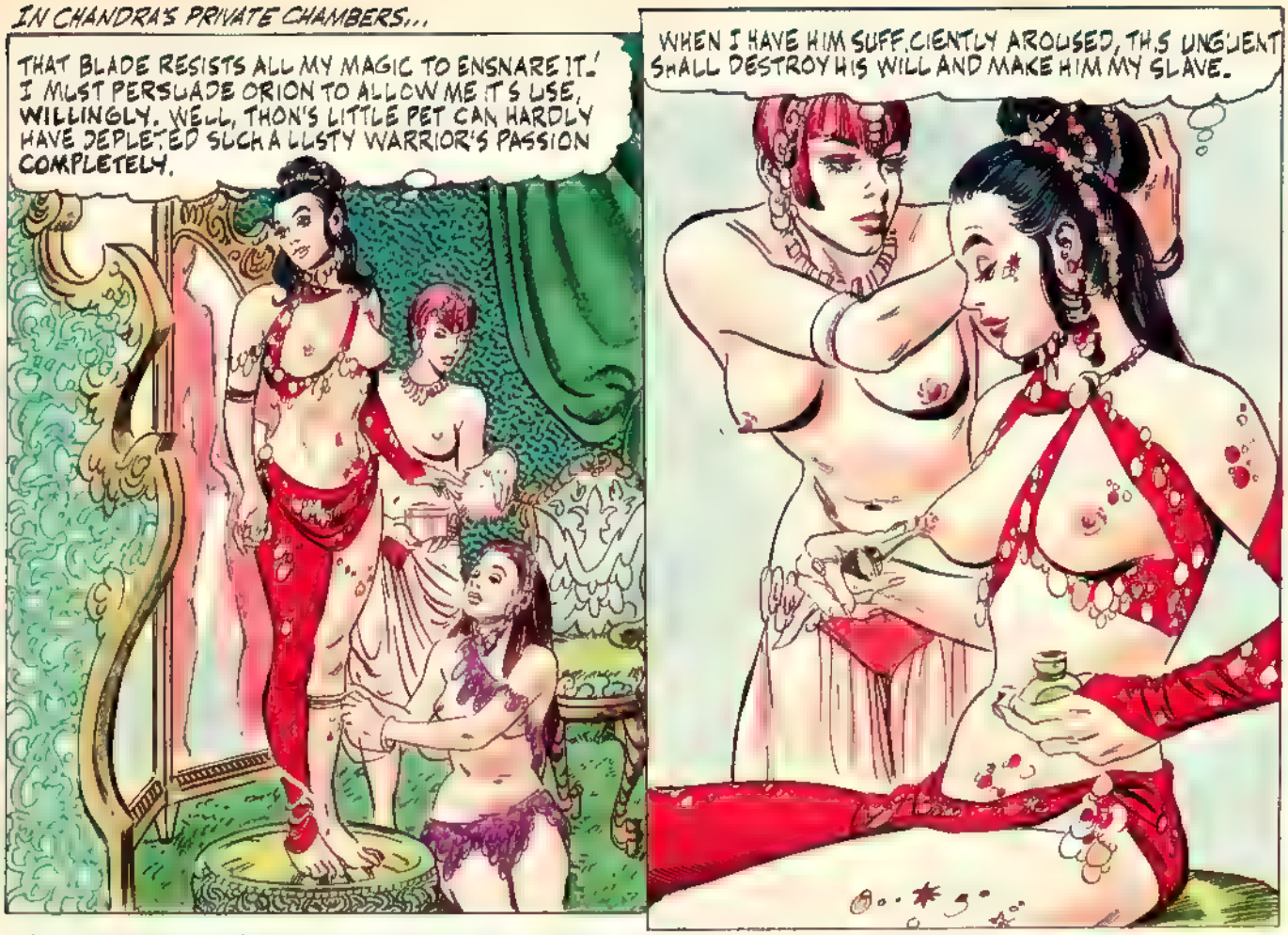

I MUST HAVE YOU... I CAN'T HELP MYSELF...
NO MORE THAN I... IT IS WHAT I WAS DESIGNED FOR...
A DAMNABLY INCREDIBLE ARTIST-GENIUS-WIZARD, THAT THON...
HE SAID I WAS HIS BEST CREATION...

BUT YOU'RE NO HOMONUCLEUS! YOU'RE REAL- YOU'RE ALIVE- Y- ...
NO, ORION. I'M ONLY AND TOTALLY WHAT YOU'VE JUST EXPERIENCED. I CAN ONLY RESPOND TO A MAN THE WAY I HAVE TO YOU. I COULD NEVER FIGHT YOU, ANGER YOU, CHIDE YOU, MAN PULATE YOU... ONLY LOVE YOU... PLEASURE YOU...
YES? AND HOW LONG BEFORE PERFECTION CLOYS? THE VELVET TRAP ORION. BESIDES, I'M A SEDUCTRESS AND A TOY-FOR ANY MAN-ALL MEN. NOR AM I HUMAN, YOU REMEMBER, BUT AN IMMORTAL. LIKE CHANDRA, I CANNOT DIE-NOT FOR THE SAME REASON, TRUE. BUT BECAUSE THON CREATED AN ARTIFICIAL DOLL THAT CANNOT WEAR OUT. AS THE YEARS PASS, YOU'LL AGE WHILE I ALWAYS REMAIN AS YOU SEE ME NOW.
ALRIGHT, SO IN A HUNDRED YEARS I'LL BE BORED WITH PERFECTION, BUT NOW...
BUT- THAT'S PERFECTION!

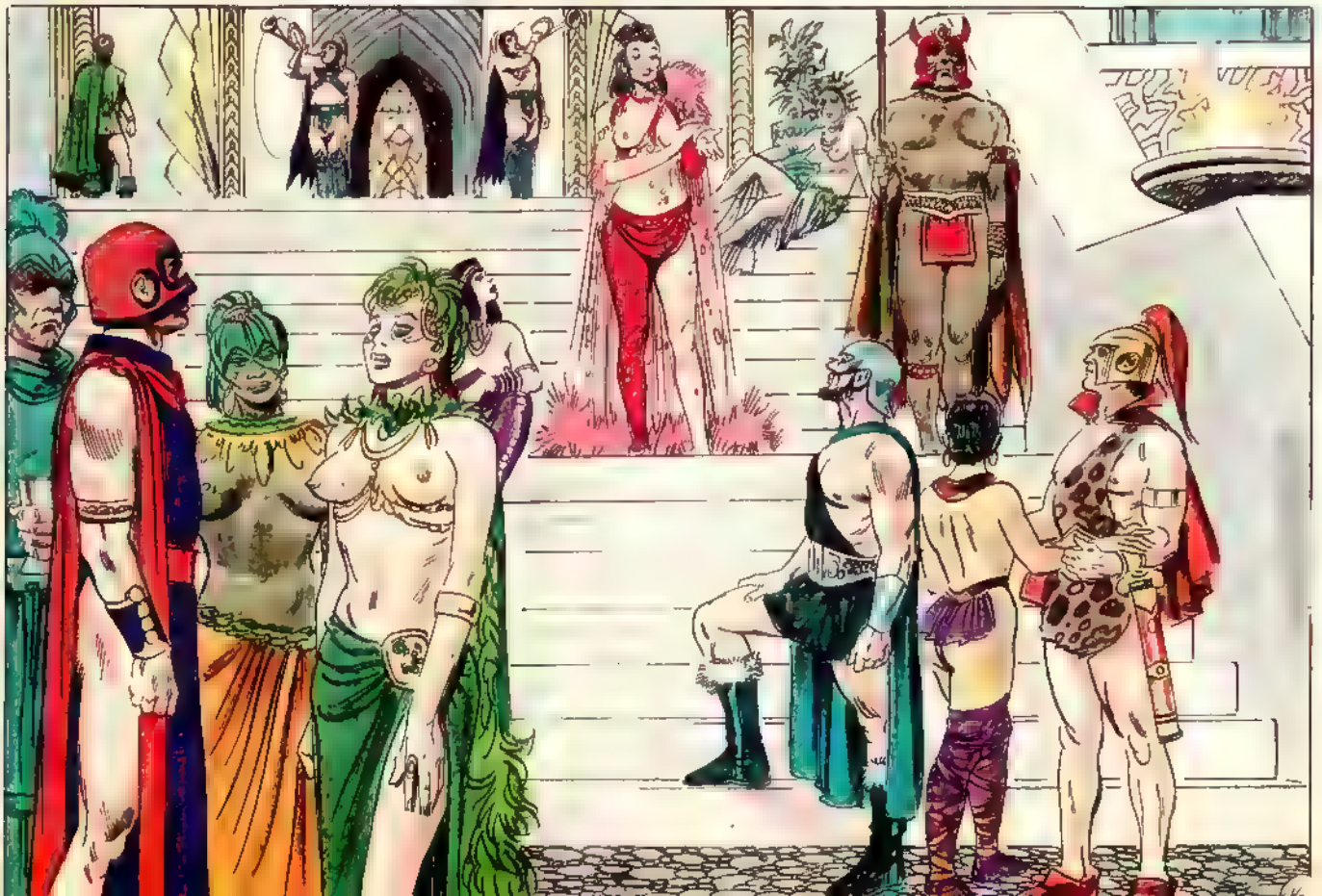

LOOK, I'LL SHOW YOU. I DON'T BLEED. I CAN'T KILL OR EVEN INJURE MYSELF, I CAN'T DESTROY THIS FACE AND THEREBY END ITS EFFECT ON HAPLESS MEN. I EVEN CUT MY HAIR OFF IN CASE YOU DID UNMASK ME TO MAKE MYSELF LESS DESIRABLE. YET EVEN AS WE TALK, IT GROWS, BEGINS TO CURL...
IT'S... LOVELY. I WANT...
NO, ORION, DON'T! RESIST ME. BE STRONGER THAN THE OTHERS. HELP ME TO PUT AN END TO CHANDRA'S MALICIOUS SCHEMES. I DOUBT THAT THON IMBUED ME WITH A CONSCIENCE, BUT I DON'T WANT TO SEND MORE MEN TO THEIR DOOM JUST BECAUSE THEY LOVED ME. I WANT IT TO END. PLEASE HELP ME TO FIND A WAY TO DIE... AND SAVE YOURSELF.

I DON'T INTEND THAT CHANDRA BEST ME IN ANY WAY. THE SWORD PROTECTS ME... AND IN SOME WAY, IS AN ENTITY IN ITSELF. I DON'T OWN IT— I'M MERELY ITS GUARDIAN I HAVEN'T SOLVED ITS ENIGMA, MYSELF.
I'LL DO WHATEVER IS NECESSARY TO PREVENT HER FROM USING YOU AS SHE HAS IN THE PAST... BUT DON'T ASK ME TO END YOUR EXISTENCE.
YOU SAY THE CLOUD MACHINES ARE GUARDED BY AN ENCHANTMENT, BUT I'M SURE THORBOLT CAN BREAK IT. TELL ME HOW TO FIND THEM AND THEN I'LL LURE THE WITCH... KILL HER, IF I HAVE TO, AND THEN PUT ALL HER POOR PUPPETS TO REST YOU AND I WILL LEAVE HERE TOGETHER!
POOR ORION, YOU MAY EVEN SURVIVE THIS SOMEHOW... BUT I WON'T IF YOU KILL HER, AS I WISH. WHAT I DIDN'T TELL YOU IS THAT THON POSSESSED AN INSIDIOUS SENSE OF HUMOR. WITHOUT HER EVER KNOWING, HE SOMEHOW INTERWOVE CHANDRA'S LIFE FORCE WITH MINE TO PROTECT ME DEATH FOR HER MEANS WHAT I DESIRE MOST... DEATH FOR ME TOO! KILL HER, ORION, AND END THIS LIVING DEATH FOR US ALL...
HMMN... CHANDRA'S HANDMAIDENS SEEM TO HAVE TAKEN CARE OF THIS EVENING'S ATTIRE FOR ME.
DON'T WORRY, EVERTHING WILL BE ALRIGHT.
SHE'S VERY CLEVER AND DETERMINED TO LAY HOLD OF THE SWORD.
NO MATTER. THE BLADE HAS A PROTECTIVE AURA FOR ITS GUARDIAN. NO CHARM OF HERS CAN BREAK IT AND I'M ON GUARD AGAINST HER WILES.
VERY WELL, THE MACHINES ARE IN THE CATACOMBS BELOW. YOU MUST BE VIGILANT. IF SHE KNOWS SHE CANNOT TAKE THE SWORD WITH HER MAGIC— OR WITH FORCE—SHE'LL USE DECEIT AND GUILE. YOU'LL BE IN CONSTANT DANGER
THORBOLT WILL GLIDE ME GIVE ME ENOUGH TIME TO RENDER THE WITCH HARMLESS—THEN MEET ME IN THE CATACOMBS.

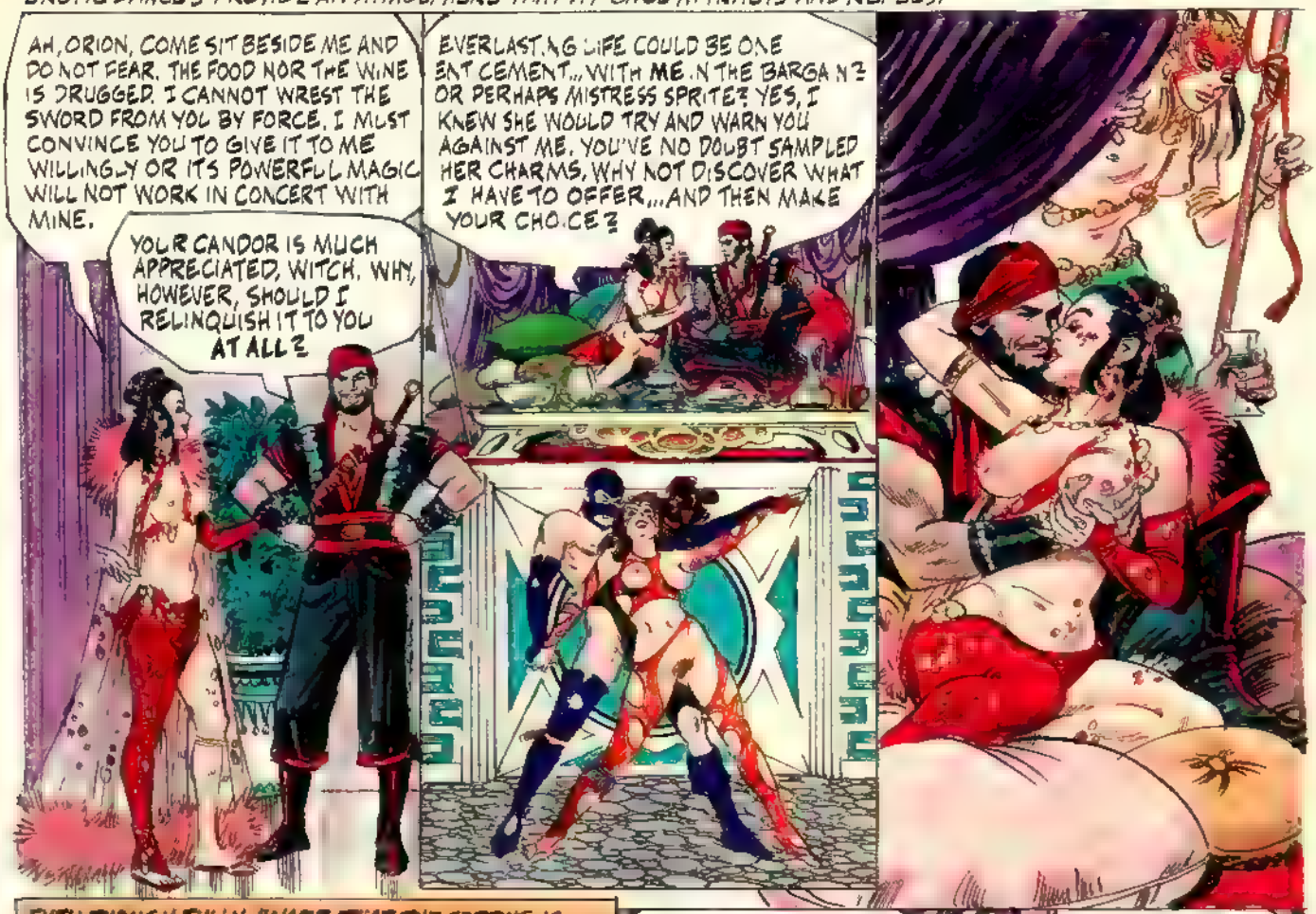
IN CHANDRA'S PRIVATE CHAMBERS...


THAT BLADE RESISTS ALL MY MAGIC TO ENSNARE IT. I MUST PERSUADE ORION TO ALLOW ME ITS USE, WILLINGLY. WELL, THON'S LITTLE PET CAN HARDLY HAVE DEPLETED SUCH A LUSTY WARRIOR'S PASSION COMPLETELY.
WHEN I HAVE HIM SUFFICIENTLY AROUSED, THIS UNGUENT SHALL DESTROY HIS WILL AND MAKE HIM MY SLAVE.

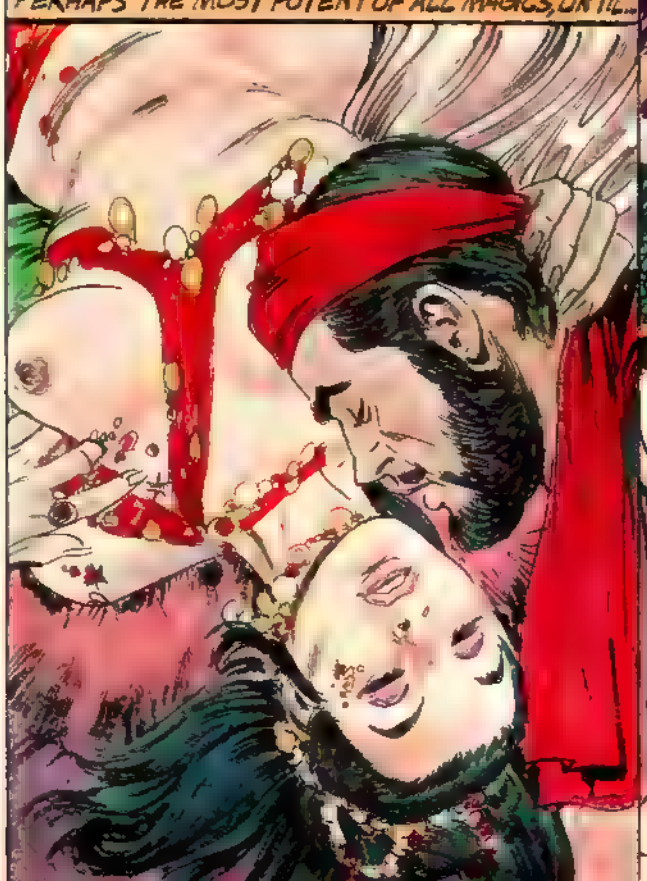
THE CELEBRANTS OF THE BALL REPOSE IN ATTITUDES OF STUPOR UNTIL THE SOUNDING OF A GONG ANNOUNCES CHANDRA'S ENTRANCE. THEN, AT A CLAP OF HER HANDS, ALL THE PARTICIPANTS BECOME SUDDENLY ANIMATED... THE WITCH QUEEN'S BACCHANAL RESUMES ONCE MORE....



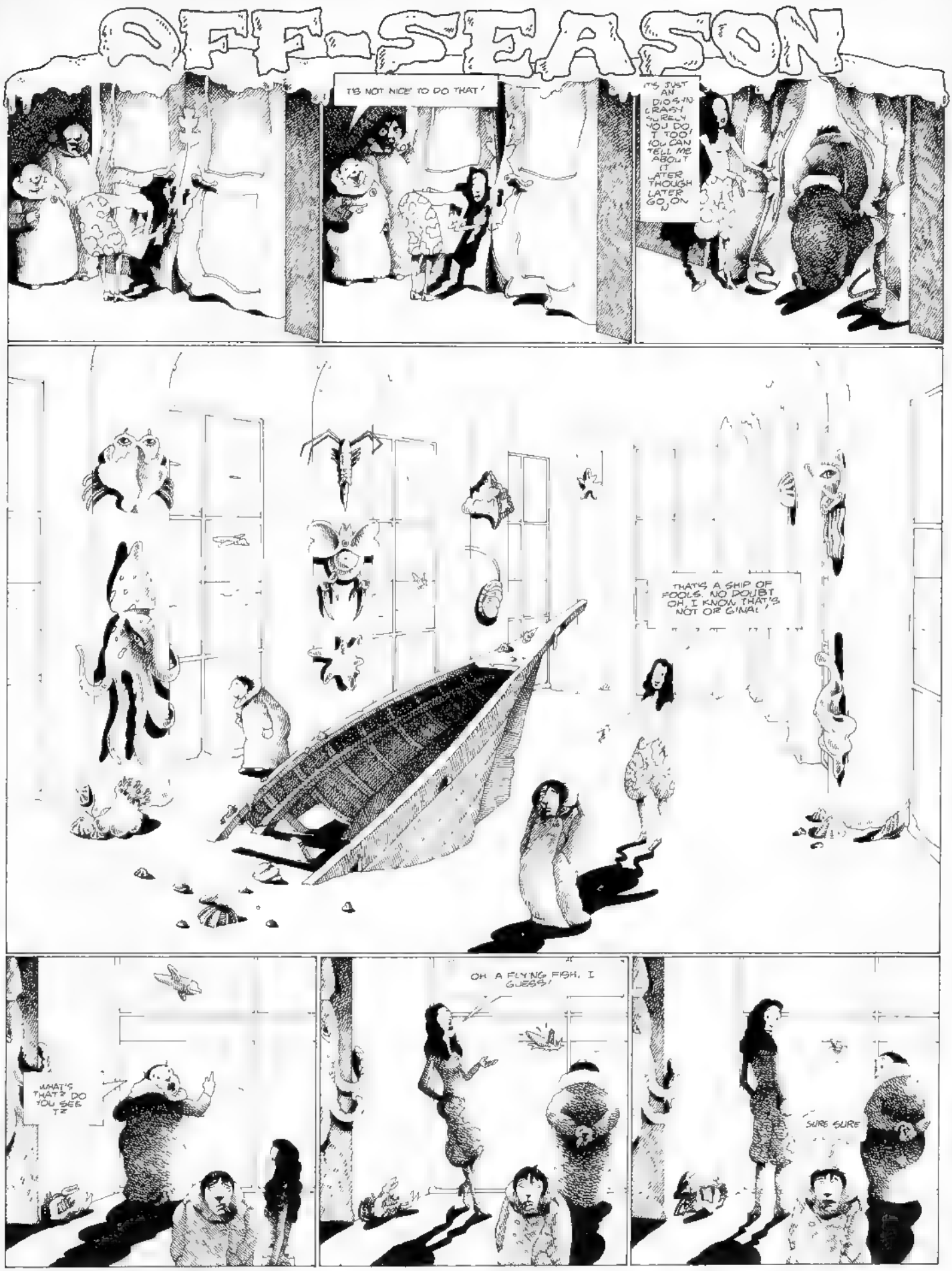
CHANDRA, AS MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES, PROVIDES BIZARRE ENTERTAINMENT. HEAVY INCENSE, WEIRD MUSIC, AND EROTIC DANCES PROVIDE AN ATMOSPHERE THAT AT ONCE ATTRACTS AND REPELS.


AH, ORION, COME SIT BESIDE ME AND DO NOT FEAR. THE FOOD NOR THE WINE IS DRUGGED. I CANNOT WREST THE SWORD FROM YOU BY FORCE. I MUST CONVINCE YOU TO GIVE IT TO ME WILLINGLY OR ITS POWERFUL MAGIC WILL NOT WORK IN CONCERT WITH MINE.
YOUR CANDOR IS MUCH APPRECIATED, WITCH. WHY, HOWEVER, SHOULD I RELINQUISH IT TO YOU AT ALL?
EVERLASTING LIFE COULD BE ONE ENT CEMENT... WITH ME IN THE BARGAIN? OR PERHAPS MISTRESS SPRITE? YES, I KNEW SHE WOULD TRY AND WARN YOU AGAINST ME. YOU'VE NO DOUBT SAMPLED HER CHARMS, WHY NOT DISCOVER WHAT I HAVE TO OFFER...AND THEN MAKE YOUR CHOICE?

EVEN THOUGH FULLY AWARE THAT THE SETTING IS DESIGNEDLY SEDUCTIVE, AND THAT CHANDRA IS ATTEMPTING TO PUT HIM IN HER POWER, ORION FEELS HIMSELF SWAYED BY THE OLDEST AND PERHAPS THE MOST POTENT OF ALL MAGICS, UNTIL...

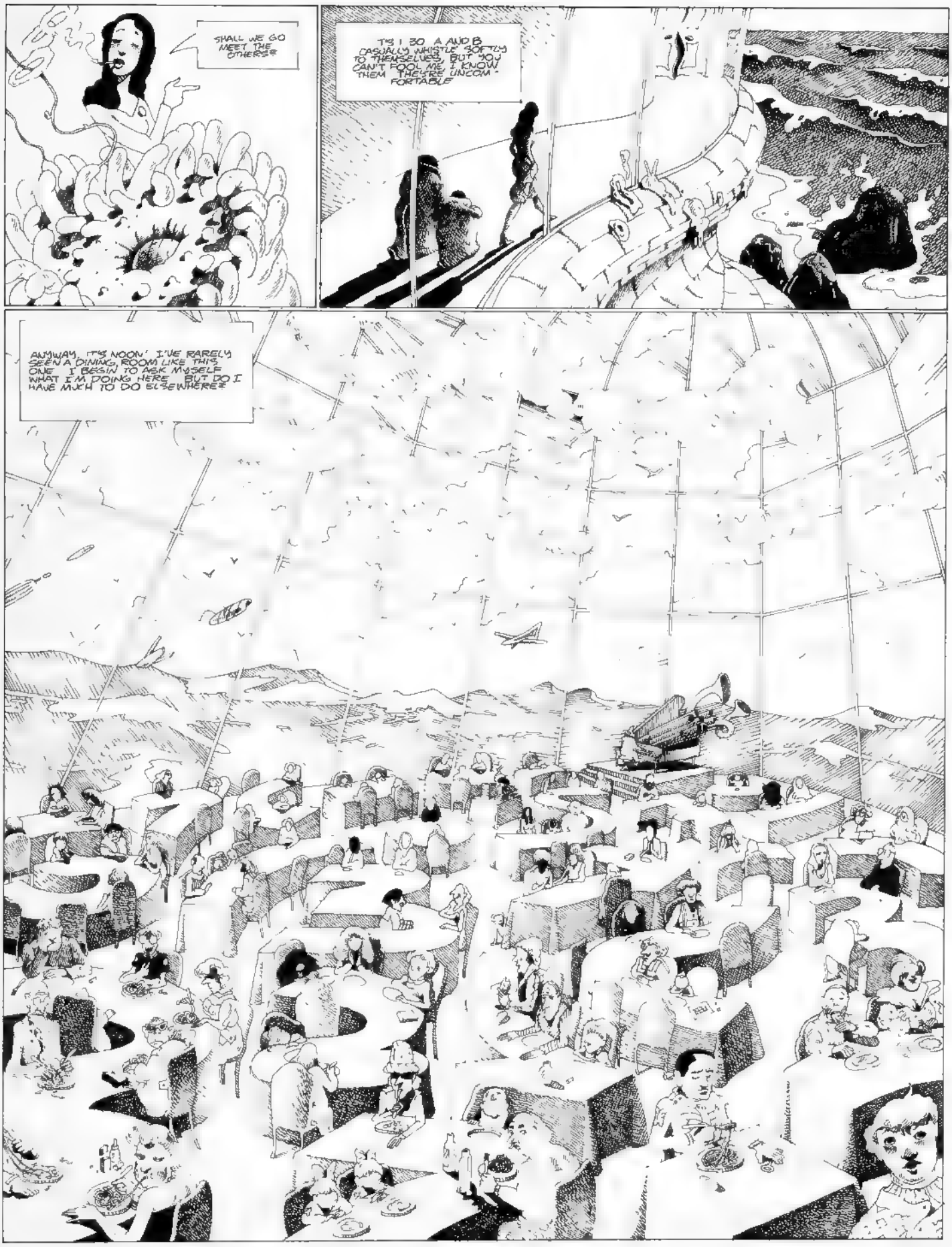


MOMENTARILY THWARTED AND IN A RAGE, CHANDRA FORGETS HERSELF AND ORDERS HER MINIONS TO...
TAKE HIM!!
A FIGHT ENSUES, AND ORION FINDS HIMSELF PITTED AGAINST COMBATANTS WHO, WHEN SKEWERED...
...RISE UP TO FIGHT ON!
MY GOD! I'M FIGHTING GHOULS..!


OFF-SEASON
'TIS NOT NICE TO DO THAT'
IT'S JUST AN OIOSYN CRASY SURELY YOU DO, T TOO! YOU CAN TELL ME ABOUT IT LATER THOUGH LATER GO ON
THAT'S A SHIP OF FOOLS. NO DOUBT. OH, I KNOW. THAT'S NOT O2 G'NAL'
WHAT'S THAT? DO YOU SEE IT
OH A FLYING FISH, I GUESS!
SURE SURE

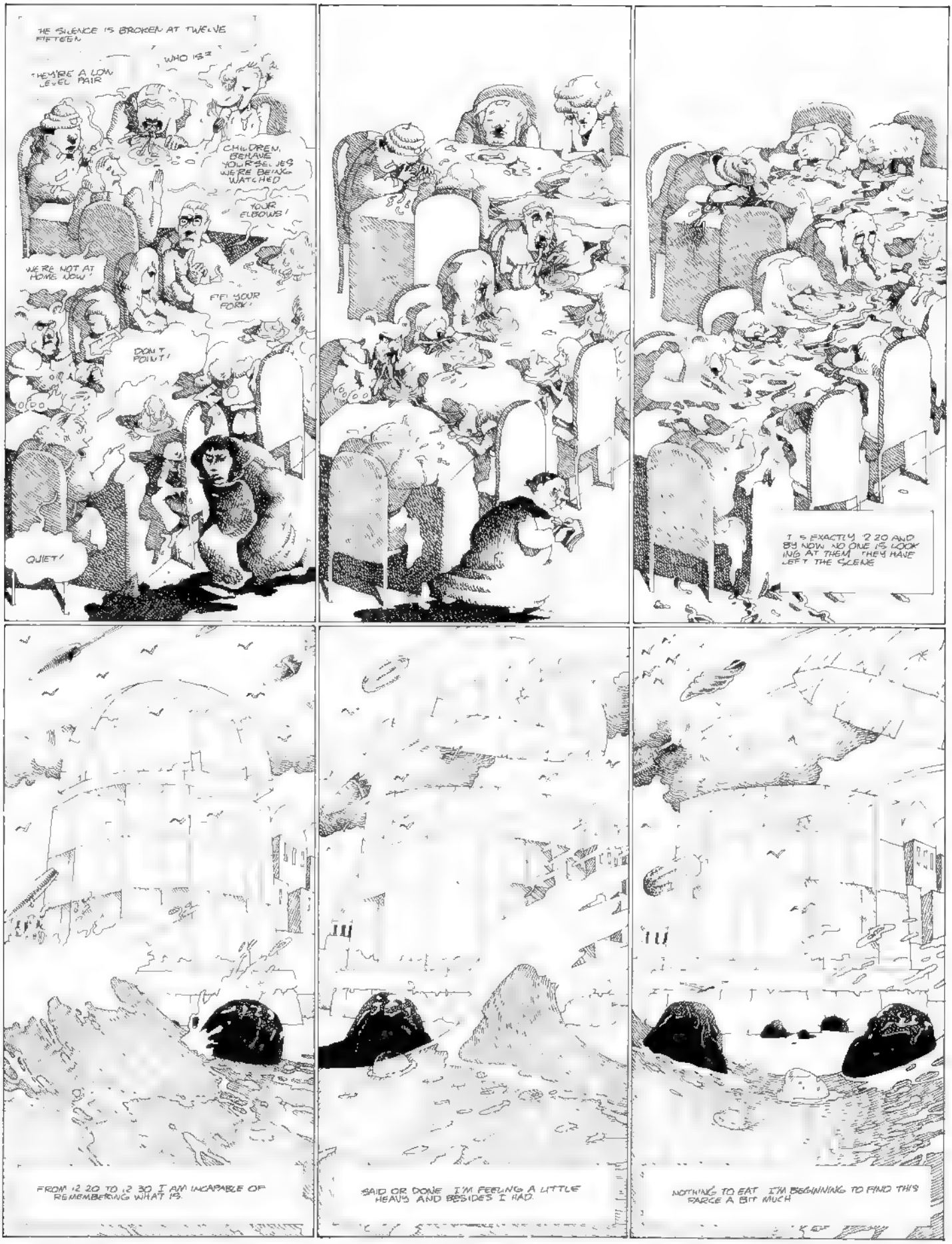
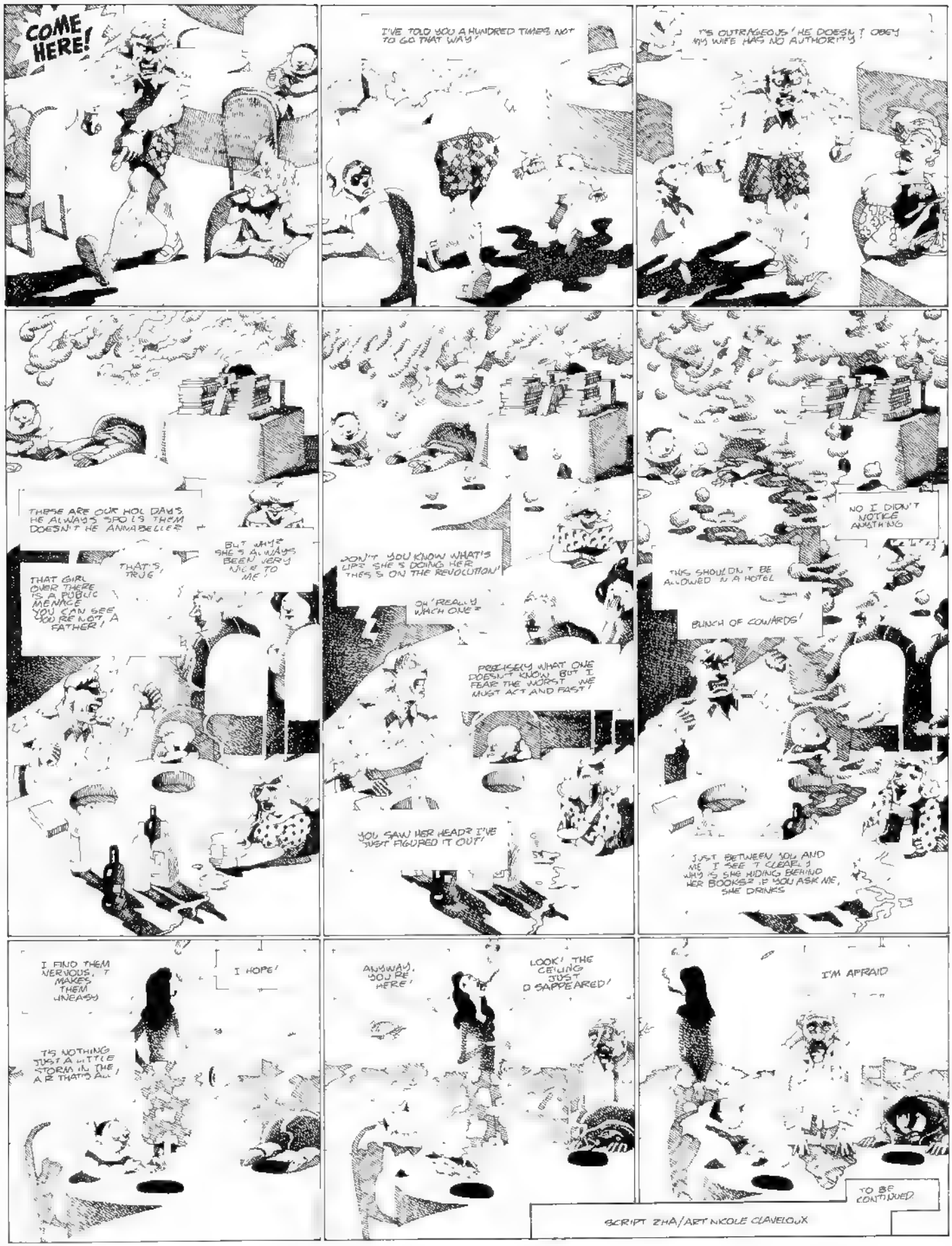
A NICE LATCH THAT
OH BUT THEY'RE ALIVE THEY HAVE THE RIGHT TO GO WHEREVER THEY WANT, PROVIDED THEY DON'T RIP THE WALLPAPER!
WELL, WHAT PROGRESS HAVE WE MADE? I HAVE NO INTENTION OF ACCEPTING RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOU!
TOO BAD!
SUDDENLY IT WAS I IO
THEY'RE VERY STRANGE, BUT INTRIGUING
MY ONLY COAT MAYBE MY LAST!
TIS NOTHING DOUBTLESS JUST A GROUND SWELL THAT THE SEA FORGOT
HEY, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? I CAN FEEL YOU AT LAST, I REALLY FEEL YOUR RAYS!
OH YEAH?
STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I NEED TO CONFIDE IN SOMEONE MAY I?
MY REGULAR CUSTOMERS
YOUR WHAT?
GOOD QUESTION AND I'LL ANSWER IT YES INDEED! YOU SEE MY REGULAR CUSTOMERS COME HERE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING AT LEAST THEY ALL SAY SO ON ARRIVAL BUT I NEVER KNOW WHAT THE SILENCE TIME RUNNING ON WITH NOTHING SAID
WHERE THERE'S NOTHING TO UPSET THEM I MUST HAVE A HOTEL FULL OF ULTRA SONIC RESONANCE THEY ALL HEAR EACH OTHER ONE AND ALL EVERYWHERE AT ALL TIMES
SOUNDS GREAT
YOU THINK SHE'S GOING TO GO ON FOR LONG? I'M A LITTLE HUNGRY
AT LEAST I'LL HEAR THE EBB AND THE FLOW TONIGHT
A POET! NO EXACTLY
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE THEY'RE ALL MAD!
I LOVE THE WIND IT SEEMS THE SEA IS RISING AT LAST

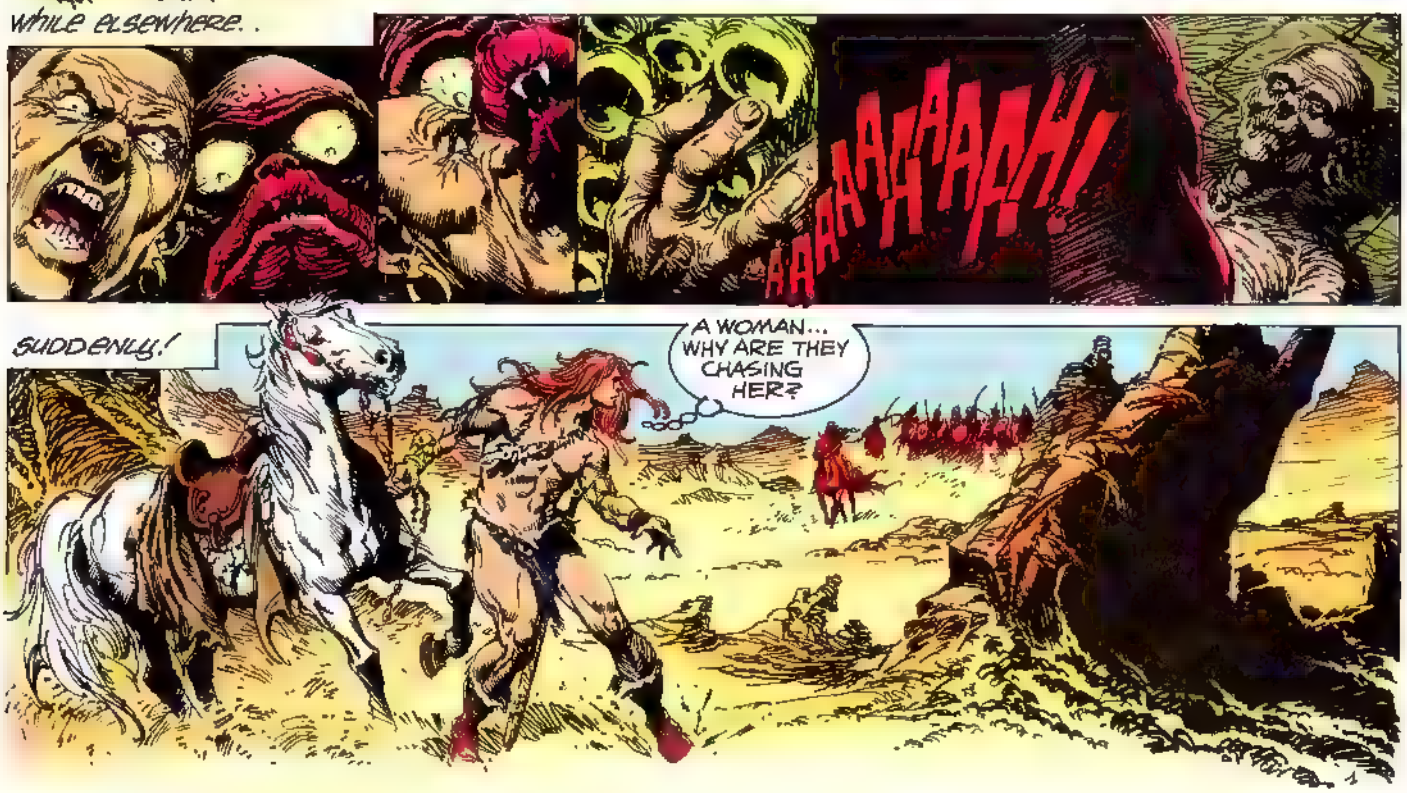

SHALL WE GO MEET THE OTHERS?
T'S I SO A AND B CASUALLY WHISTLE SOFTLY TO THEMSELVES, BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL ME. I KNOW THEM. THEY'RE UNCOM-FORTABLE
ANYWAY, IT'S NOON. I'VE RARELY SEEN A DINING ROOM LIKE THIS ONE. I BEGIN TO ASK MYSELF WHAT I'M DOING HERE. BUT DO I HAVE MUCH TO DO ELSEWHERE?

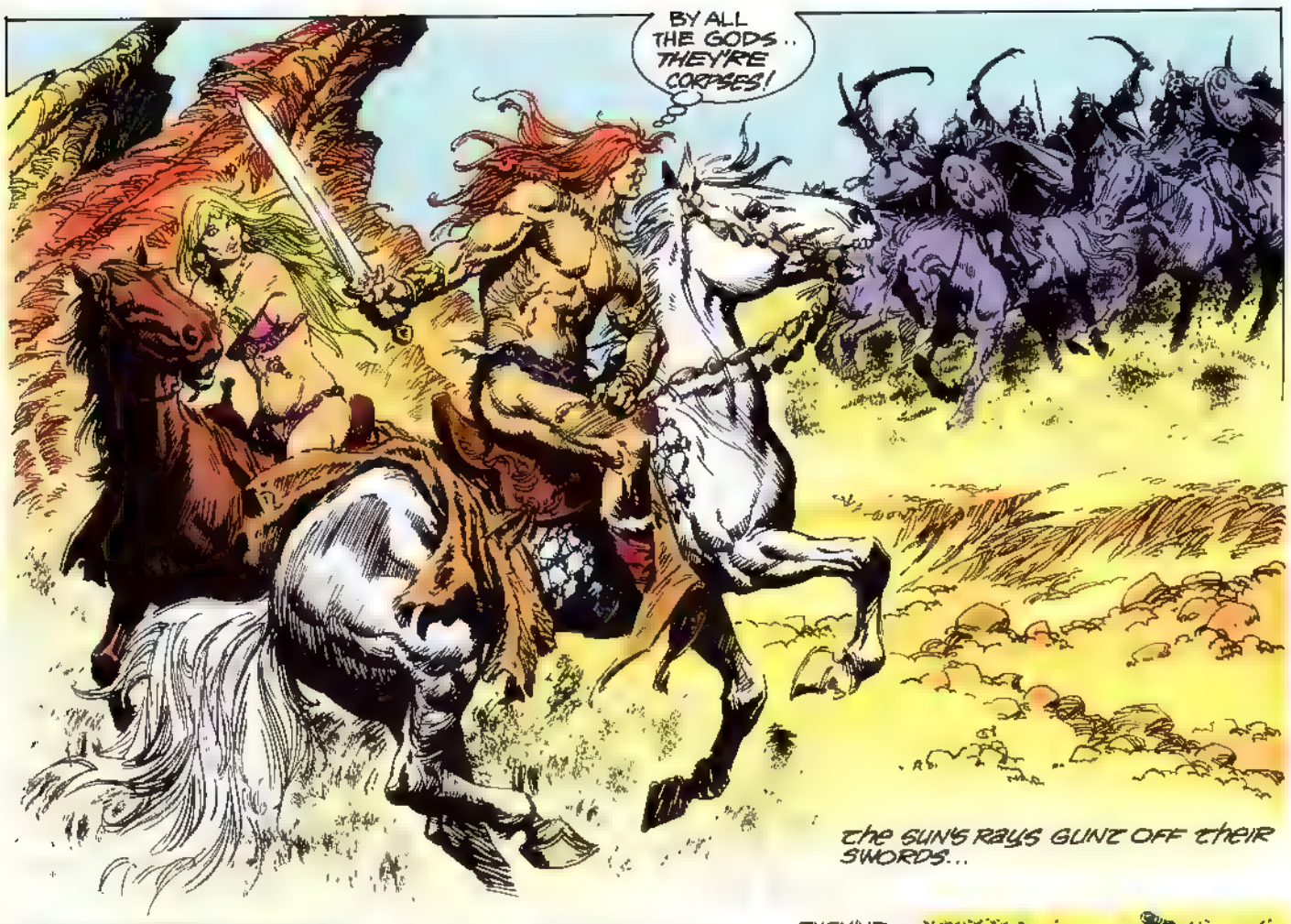
I WANTED
SHE WANTED SHE WANTS F I COULD SAY THE SAME
I WANTED TO REALIZE ALL MY FANTASIES HERE AT LEAST NEARLY ALL I LOVE SEVENS AND THREES
"YOU TAKE THE LEFT SIDE I'LL TAKE THE RIGHT"
O.K. TAKE T EASY I'M A HUMAN CAMERA I SEE EVERYTH NG THE FACES THE GESTURES THE HANDS THE GENERAL BEARING THE CONSISTENCY OF THE HAIR, EVERYTHING
ANYWAY, DON'T TRY TO DO IT ALL
AFTERWARDS, WILL YOU PLAY OFF-SEASON?
NO IT WOULD RUIN THE AMBIENCE
HELLO! TODAY I WILL NOT CALL THE ROLL HERE ARE TWO PRIVATE DETECTIVES WHO HAVE COME TO SPEND THE SEASON WITH US MAKE A LITTLE PLACE FOR THEM AT YOUR TABLE
IT'S TEN AFTER TWELVE AND IT'S NOT THE WARMEST WELCOME I'M POSITIVE THAT THEY'D NOTICED THE ENTRANCE OF A AND B

NOTHING TO REPORT?
YES, TELL YOU LATER!
MAY I SIT HERE?
NO, I'M WAITING FOR SOMEONE
OH, I'LL GIVE HIM HIS SEAT
NO, PLEASE, PLEASE!
MAYBE TONIGHT
POOR BUGGER
AREN'T YOU HUNGRY?
NO, I'M COMPLETELY DONE IN
GOOD. THEN I'LL FILL YOU IN. I NOTED IT ALL DOWN.
GO ON I'M LISTENING
COME HERE!
GOOD! THE SYSTEM IS ALL IMPORTANT! I NOTED THEIR SHOE SIZES. YOU NEVER KNOW. IF THERE ARE FOOTPRINTS YOU MUST ALWAYS BE PREPARED TO LOSE THE LEAST TIME. I HAD A GOOD LOOK AT THEIR TEETH TOO JUST IN CASE


THE SILENCE IS BROKEN AT TWELVE FIFTEEN
WHO IS?
THEY'RE A LOW LEVEL PAIR
CHILDREN, BEHAVE YOURSELVES WE'RE BEING WATCHED
YOUR ELBOWS!
WE'RE NOT AT HOME NOW
FIFI YOUR FORK!
DON'T POINT!
QUIET!
IT'S EXACTLY 2 20 AND BY NOW NO ONE IS LOOKING AT THEM THEY HAVE LEFT THE SCENE
FROM 12 20 TO 12 30 I AM INCAPABLE OF REMEMBERING WHAT IS.
SAID OR DONE I'M FEELING A LITTLE HEAVY AND BESIDES I HAD
NOTHING TO EAT I'M BEGINNING TO FIND THIS FARCE A BIT MUCH

COME HERE!
I'VE TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES NOT TO GO THAT WAY!
IT'S OUTRAGEOUS! HE DOESN'T OBEY MY WIFE HAS NO AUTHORITY!
THESE ARE OUR HOLIDAYS HE ALWAYS SPOILS THEM DOESN'T HE ANNABELLE?
BUT WHY? SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN VERY NICE TO ME!
THAT'S TRUE.
THAT GIRL OVER THERE IS A PUBLIC MENACE YOU CAN SEE YOU'RE NOT A FATHER!
DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT'S UP? SHE'S DOING HER THESIS ON THE REVOLUTION!
OH! REALLY WHICH ONE?
PRECISELY WHAT ONE DOESN'T KNOW BUT I FEAR THE WORST WE MUST ACT AND FAST!
YOU SAW HER HEAD? I'VE JUST FIGURED IT OUT!
NO I DIDN'T NOTICE ANYTHING
THIS SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED IN A HOTEL
BUNCH OF COWARDS!
JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME I SEE IT CLEARLY WHY IS SHE HIDING BEHIND HER BOOKS? IF YOU ASK ME, SHE DRINKS
I FIND THEM NERVOUS, IT MAKES THEM UNEASY
I HOPE!
IT'S NOTHING JUST A LITTLE STORM IN THE AIR THAT'S ALL!
ANYWAY, YOU'RE HERE!
LOOK! THE CEILING JUST DISAPPEARED!
I'M AFRAID
TO BE CONTINUED
SCRIPT ZHA/ART NICOLE CLAVELOUX

THE HORROR OF G'ZALTH
by Brocal Remohi


while elsewhere..
AAAAAAAAAAH!
suddenly!
A WOMAN... WHY ARE THEY CHASING HER?


BY ALL THE GODS.. THEY'RE CORPSES!
the SUN'S RAYS GLINT OFF their SWORDS...

..and the screams of metal and death echo across the desert...

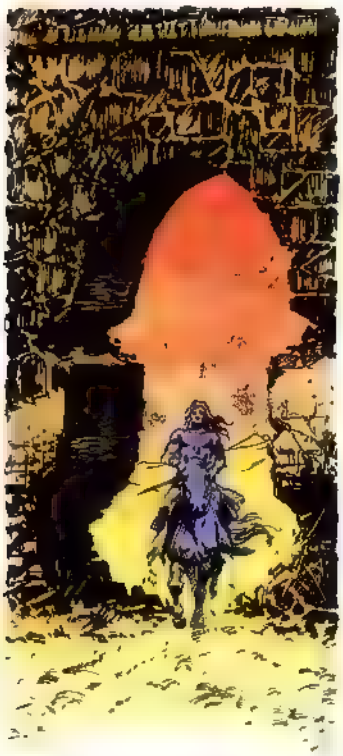
THEY'VE CAPTURED THE WOMAN!

THEY'RE CARRYING HER OFF.. AND I CAN'T FREE MYSELF OF THESE CREATURES!
When the battle ceases...
THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!... THEIR HORSES LEFT NO FOOTPRINTS ON THE GROUND...
ARCANE CONCENTRATES ALL HIS INTELLIGENCE ON FINDING THE GIRL
SUDDENLY, HIS MENTAL POWERS FOCUS ON THE PSYCHIC ECHOES OF TERROR...
HE CAPTURES THE IMAGE OF THE GIRL AND HER ATTACKERS...
WITH CONTINUOUS TELEPATHIC CONCENTRATION, ARCANE FOLLOWS THE TRAIL...
...TO A CITY IN THE DESERT, WHERE THE SUN HAS SET.

G'zalth, the city lost in the desert!

...the warrior knows that the young girl is here...

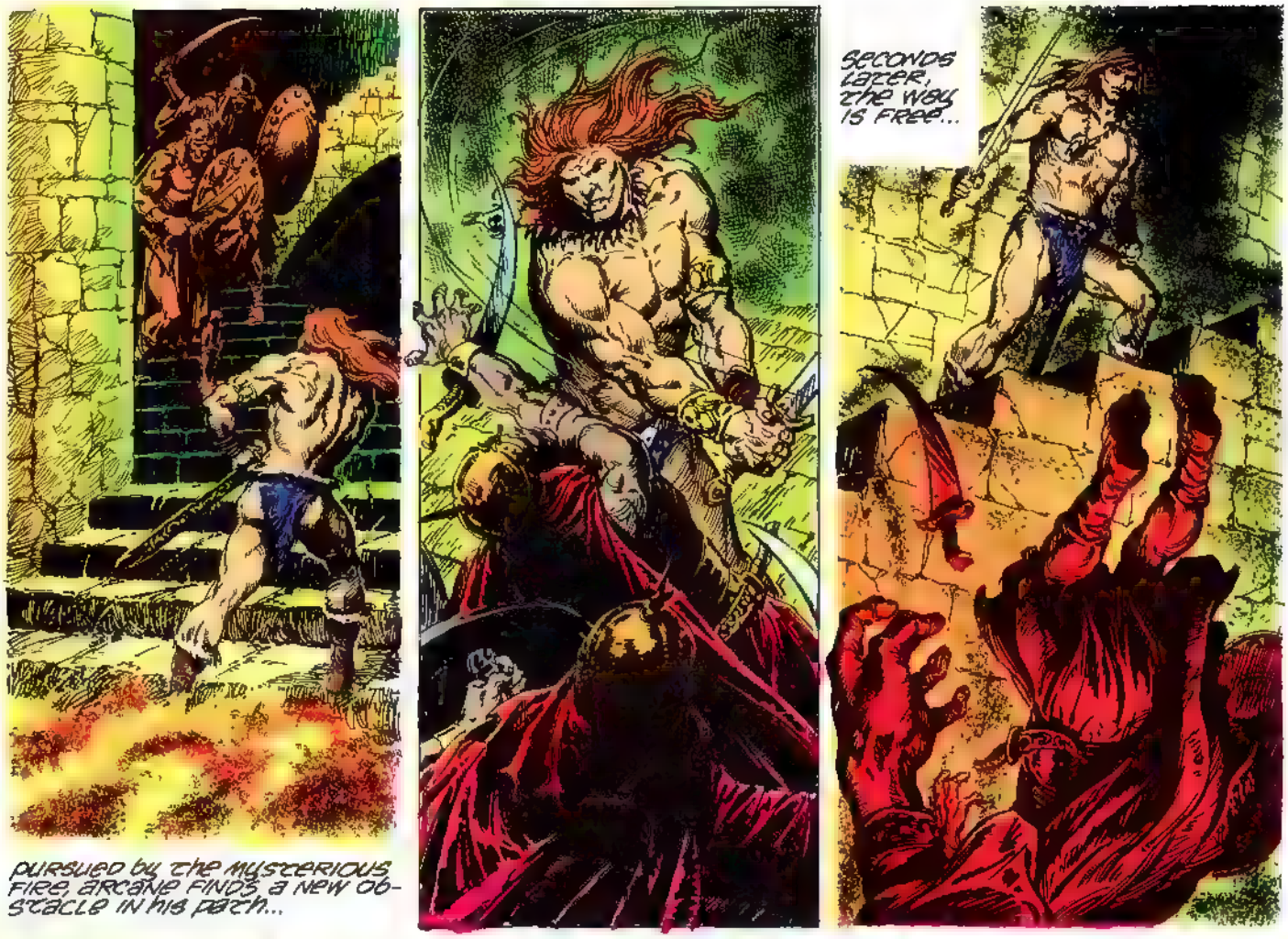
Arcane remembers the tales told of G'zalth, that accursed city, enthralled to the odious presence of the monster-god who inhabits it. G'zalth, the city which is crumbling slowly, as if its very stones were being eroded by a curse...

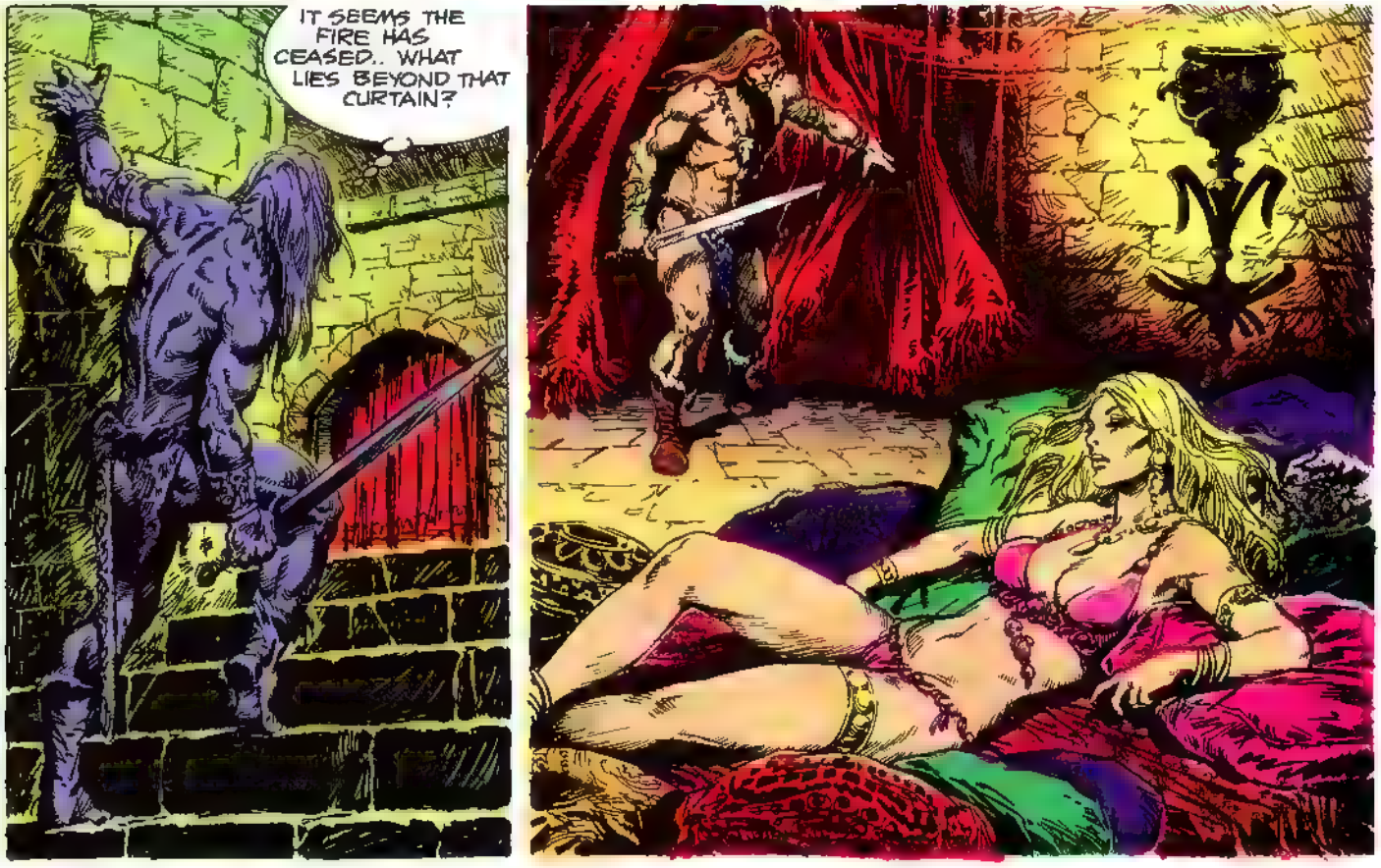


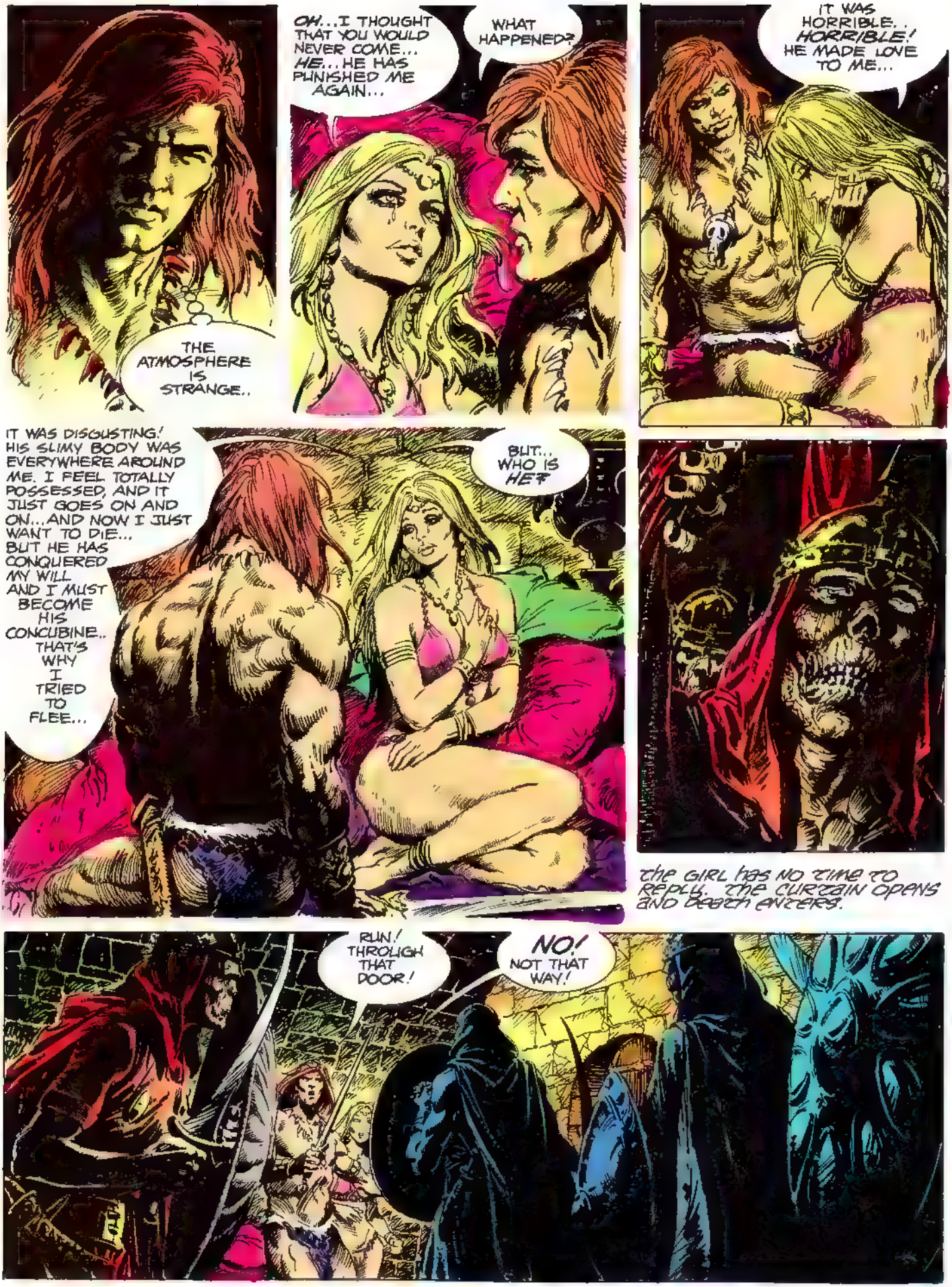
The city is like a vast trap. He who penetrates its walls never leaves again. Arcane knows this...

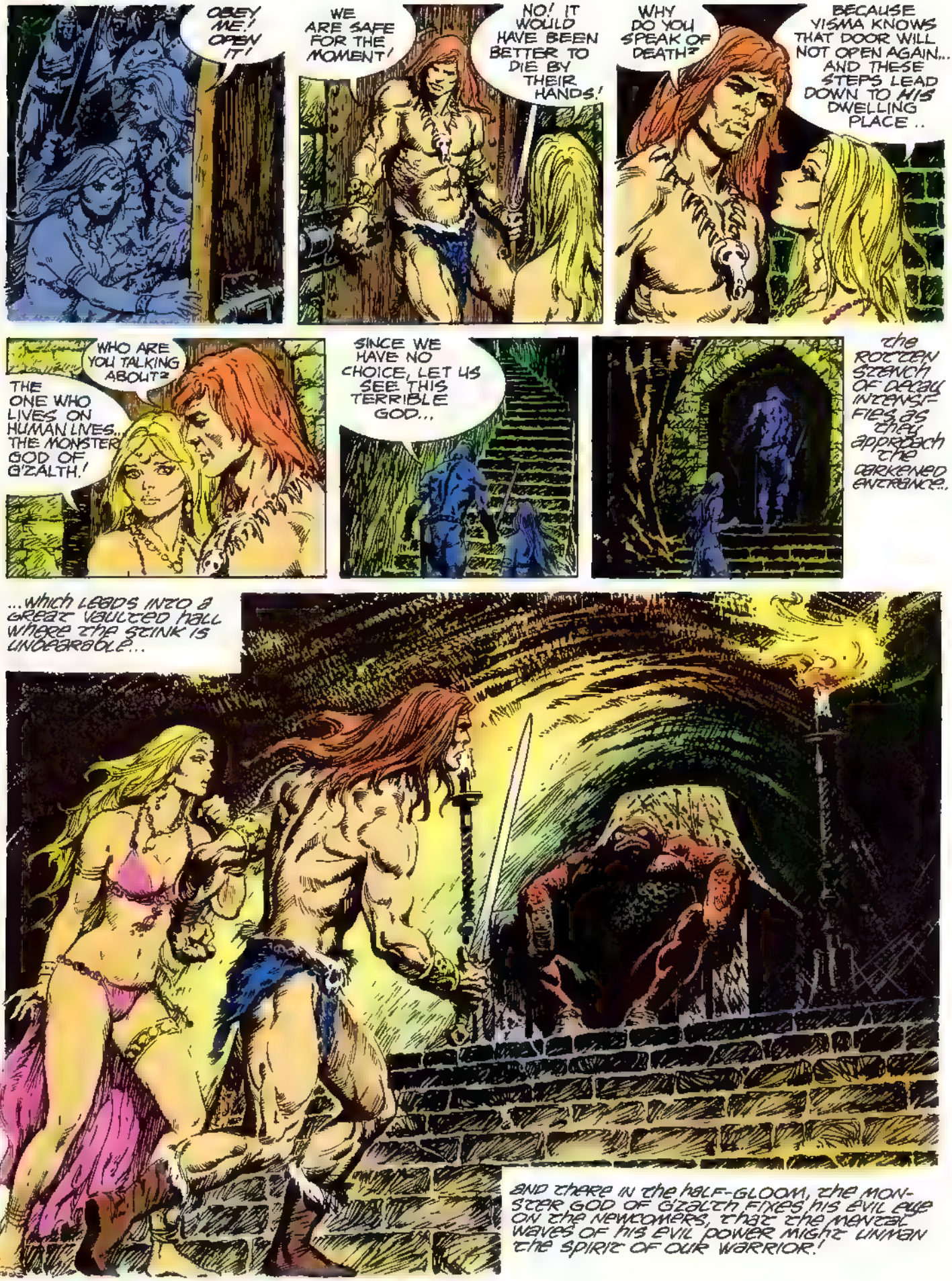
In the deathly, silent city there is no one on the streets but these creatures gazing, transfixed.

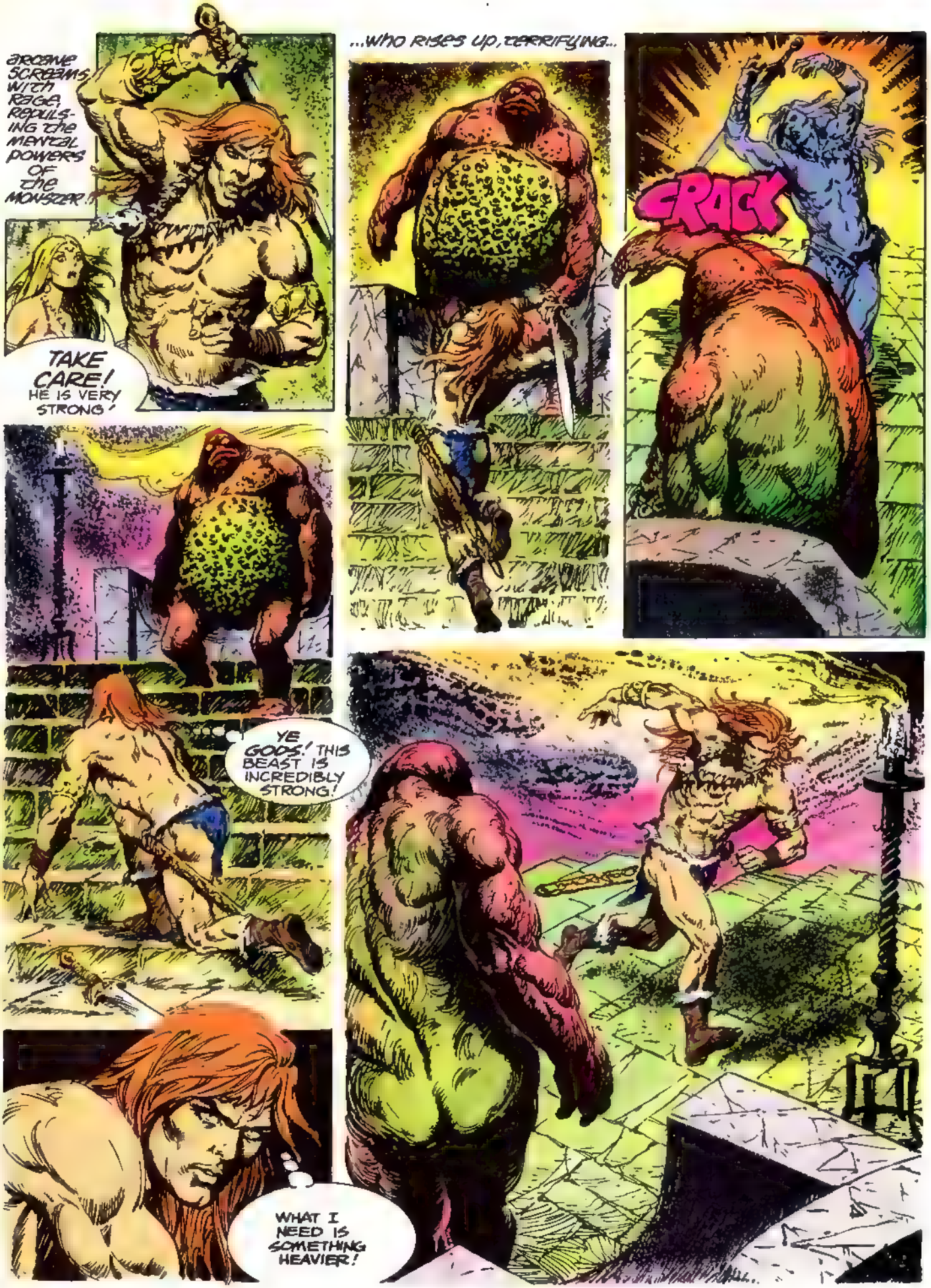
ARCANE'S QUESTIONS REMAIN UNANSWERED... SOMETHING DRAWS HIM TO THE GREAT BLACK TOWER WHICH DOMINATES THE RUINED TOWN...
LEAVING HIS HORSE IN A SAFE PLACE, HE ENTERS THE TOWER. ALL IS SILENT...
SUDDENLY!
KRA-AASH
WHAT WAS A BLOCK OF STONE MERE SECONDS BEFORE IS NOW VORACIOUS TONGUES OF FIRE...


SECONDS LATER, THE WAY IS FREE...
PURSUED BY THE MYSTERIOUS FIRE, ARCANE FINDS A NEW OBSTACLE IN HIS PATH...

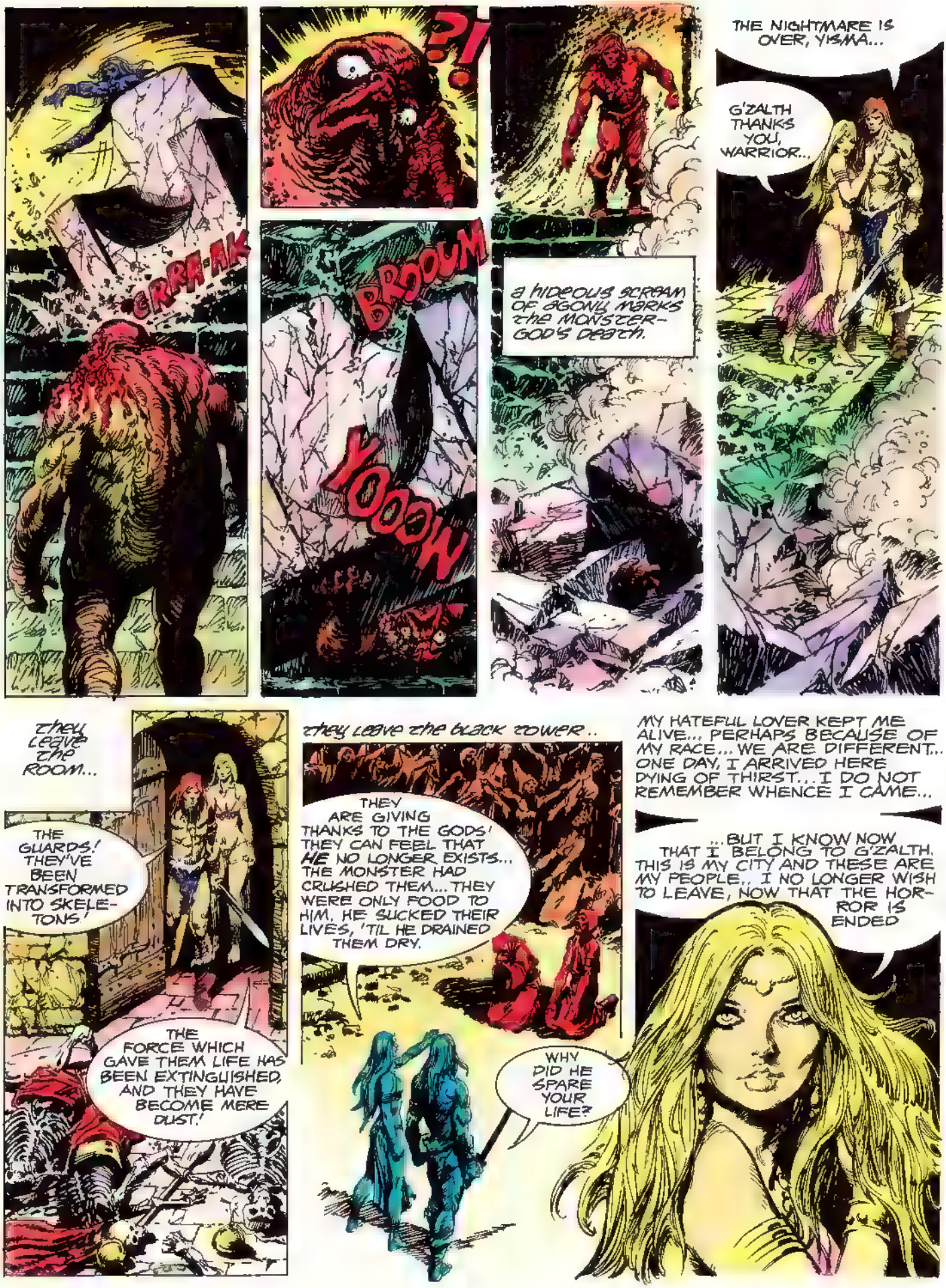

IT SEEMS THE FIRE HAS CEASED.. WHAT LIES BEYOND THAT CURTAIN?


THE ATMOSPHERE IS STRANGE..
OH...I THOUGHT THAT YOU WOULD NEVER COME... HE...HE HAS PUNISHED ME AGAIN...
WHAT HAPPENED?
IT WAS HORRIBLE.. HORRIBLE! HE MADE LOVE TO ME...
IT WAS DISGUSTING! HIS SLIMY BODY WAS EVERYWHERE AROUND ME. I FEEL TOTALLY POSSESSED, AND IT JUST GOES ON AND ON...AND NOW I JUST WANT TO DIE... BUT HE HAS CONQUERED MY WILL AND I MUST BECOME HIS CONCUBINE.. THAT'S WHY I TRIED TO FLEE...
BUT... WHO IS HE?
the GIRL has NO TIME TO REPLY. the CURTAIN OPENS and DEATH ENTERS.
RUN! THROUGH THAT DOOR!
NO! NOT THAT WAY!


OBEY ME! OPEN IT!
WE ARE SAFE FOR THE MOMENT!
NO! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER TO DIE BY THEIR HANDS!
WHY DO YOU SPEAK OF DEATH?
BECAUSE YISMA KNOWS THAT DOOR WILL NOT OPEN AGAIN... AND THESE STEPS LEAD DOWN TO HIS DWELLING PLACE ..
WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THE ONE WHO LIVES ON HUMAN LIVES.. THE MONSTER GOD OF G'ZALTH!
SINCE WE HAVE NO CHOICE, LET US SEE THIS TERRIBLE GOD...
the ROTTEN STENCH OF DECAY INTENSIFIES as they approach the DARKENED ENTRANCE..
...which LEADS INTO A GREAT VAULTED HALL where the STINK IS UNBEARABLE...
AND there IN the HALF-GLOOM, the MONSTER GOD OF GZALTH FIXES his EVIL EYE ON the NEWCOMERS, that the MENTAL WAVES OF his EVIL POWER MIGHT UNMAN the SPIRIT OF OUR WARRIOR!


ARCANE SCREAMS WITH RAGE, REPULSING THE MENTAL POWERS OF THE MONSTER!
TAKE CARE! HE IS VERY STRONG!
...WHO RISES UP, TERRIFYING...
CRACK
YE GODS! THIS BEAST IS INCREDIBLY STRONG!
WHAT I NEED IS SOMETHING HEAVIER!

"SSS CROSH
GRAAAGGOOW
his skull half crushed, the monster attacks again!
GRWRR
THIS IS MY LAST CHANCE!
using all his strength, his muscles taut, arcane pushes at the throne.
little by little, the mass of marble begins to move.


GRRR-AK
?!
BROOUM
YOOOW
a hideous scream of agony marks the monster-god's death.
THE NIGHTMARE IS OVER, YISMA...
G'ZALTH THANKS YOU, WARRIOR...
they leave the room...
THE GUARDS! THEY'VE BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO SKELETONS!
THE FORCE WHICH GAVE THEM LIFE HAS BEEN EXTINGUISHED, AND THEY HAVE BECOME MERE DUST!
they leave the black tower..
THEY ARE GIVING THANKS TO THE GODS! THEY CAN FEEL THAT HE NO LONGER EXISTS... THE MONSTER HAD CRUSHED THEM... THEY WERE ONLY FOOD TO HIM, HE SUCKED THEIR LIVES, 'TIL HE DRAINED THEM DRY.
WHY DID HE SPARE YOUR LIFE?
MY HATEFUL LOVER KEPT ME ALIVE... PERHAPS BECAUSE OF MY RACE... WE ARE DIFFERENT.. ONE DAY, I ARRIVED HERE DYING OF THIRST... I DO NOT REMEMBER WHENCE I CAME...
...BUT I KNOW NOW THAT I BELONG TO G'ZALTH. THIS IS MY CITY AND THESE ARE MY PEOPLE.. I NO LONGER WISH TO LEAVE, NOW THAT THE HORROR IS ENDED

Later..
I MUST LEAVE NOW, TO AVOID THE SUN ON THE DESERT.
TELL EVERYONE THAT G'ZALTH IS NO LONGER A CURSED CITY, AND THAT IT AWAITS THEM...
I WILL DO THAT, YISMA!
FAREWELL, WARRIOR! WE SHALL NOT FORGET YOU.
HOW HAPPY I WILL BE NOW THAT THE MONSTER-GOD IS GONE!
...NOW I CAN BE MYSELF!
I AWAIT THEM!
I DID NOT LIE TO THE WARRIOR WHEN I TOLD HIM THAT MY RACE IS DIFFERENT. VERY DIFFERENT.
AND, IF THERE IS NO ONE TO DOMINATE ME, IT IS I WHO WILL DOMINATE!
YES, TELL EVERY-ONE TO COME TO G'ZALTH, BRAVE STRANGER! THAT IS WHY I LET YOU GO..
YES.. YES, TELL THE WORLD TO COME TO G'ZALTH, FOR MY THIRST IS INSATIABLE!
FIN

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GALACTIC GEOGRAPHIC

RESCUE from a BLACK HOLE

Lured to this area of the galaxy to investigate the source of a large burst of radiation, a Federation research group aboard the cruiser *Wilson* probed this star system invaded by a wandering black hole to observe and measure its effects. They found that a Blue Giant had trapped a less massive Black Body in relatively close orbit, and was rapidly losing matter to its companion, causing immense bursts of radiation.

The research group observed that the entire planetary system was being drawn into its center by the increased gravity and that the Black Hole would eventually consume everything. They immediately began a survey of the planets, finding one life-size planet populated by a social life form unlike any previously observed. The *Wilson* decided to attempt a rescue. They found that the colony of animals was the mobile organ of a blue jelly-like mass. The crew observed the colony building walls, apparently to keep moving plantlike creatures out of their mound. The "plants" may have been forced into unusual activity by increased temperatures as their planet neared the sun.

In this picture, a technician, wearing a radsuit, uses a portable scan table to examine the biology of two small creatures to determine the extent of radiation damage. Because of their planet's slow rotation, the animals had received little lethal radiation, and are seen here observing their altered star possibly for the first time.

The crew labored around the clock excavating the mound, and moved it with a large sampling of the soil and life forms into the ship's hold. Surprisingly, the crew encountered no resistance to the intrusion, and the operation went smoothly. However, with the added weight, the *Wilson* could no longer develop enough power to pull away from the gravitational hold of the double-star. Instead, the ship accelerated *toward* the black hole, passing close enough to its high gravity to whip it into escape velocity.

The perilous maneuver required precision timing, but proved to be successful. Unfortunately, the sudden acceleration was too much for the jelly creatures. Efforts by the crew to protect the animals were sadly unrewarded, and the gel mound perished. Plants and other creatures endured the flight, and these were successfully transplanted in a simulated home environment at the Myhr Zoological Environs Complex. There it was discovered that the spore of the gel creatures had survived, and a new colony of these gentle animals was successfully cultivated.

From the *Stellar Journals of Karl B. Kofoed*

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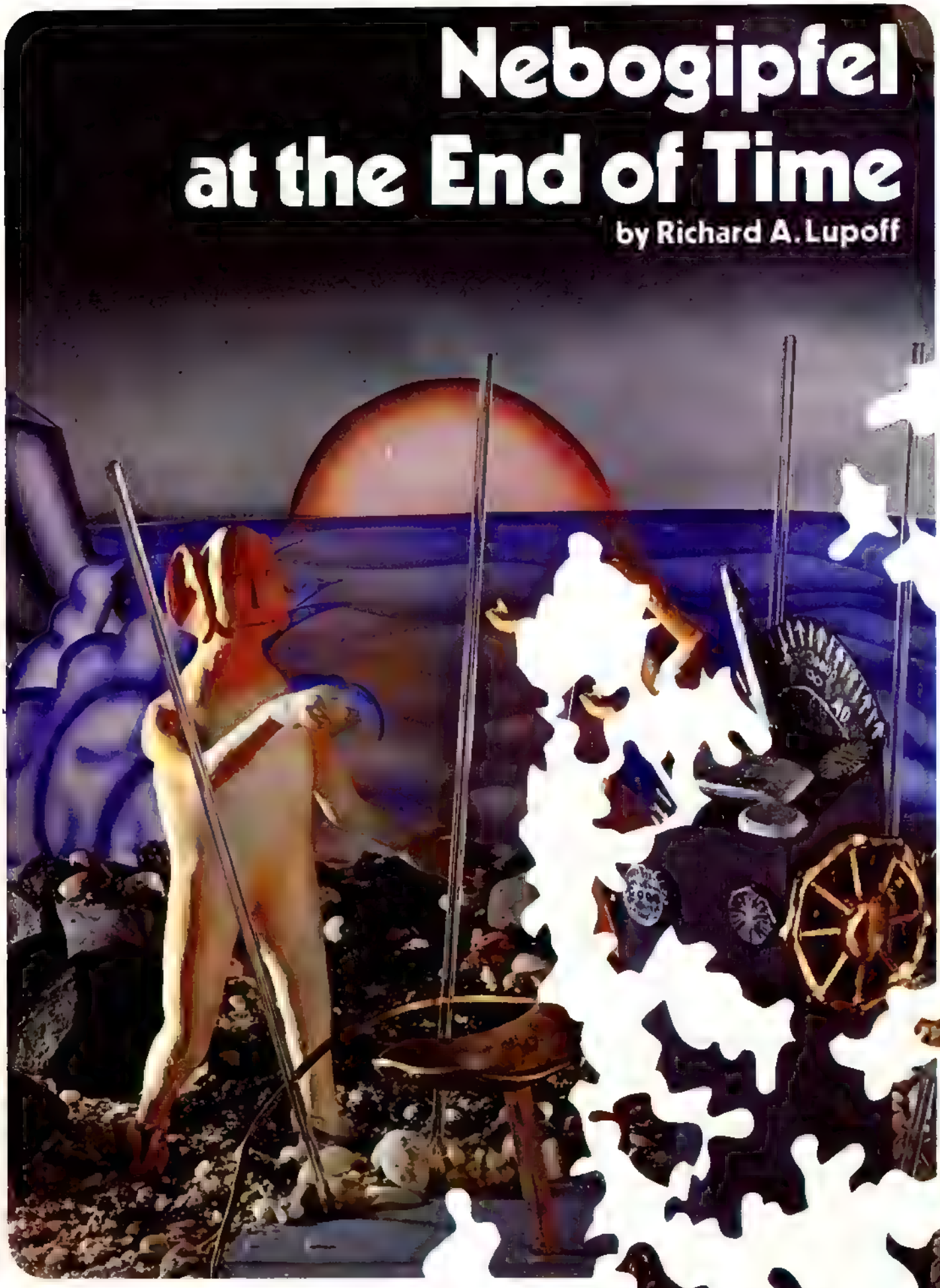
Nebogipfel at the End of Time

by Richard A. Lupoff



The first of them to appear came from the sky. There was a flash like ball lightning, there was a clap of thunder, there was the rush and flutter of great heavy wings, and he was there a gleaming, godlike figure with streaming golden hair, perfect features, a torso all sinew and strength.

With his wings he pressed himself upward through the thick, weary air, surveying the water and its gray, ragged rocks, the black graveled beach, and dun mossy dunes. A few horrid creatures slid through the dark, oily waters, their sharp senses tuned, their quick brains devoted to the endless quest of nourishment gained ultimately at one another's expense

The gleaming newcomer tilted his pinions, banked, swept lower over the face of the water. Behind him, sunk perpetually half below the horizon, a fat, misty sun glared redly across dim, dispirited ripples. Greedy tentacles whipped upward from beneath the surface of the sea The tentacles were as thin as wires, as agile as wolf eels, as powerful as woven steel. The great winged man eluded them with casual ease, rose a short distance above the dark, coarse beach, and dropped softly onto the cinder-like gravel.

At once a spider crab the size of the man's doubled hands sprang from its lair and shot at his softest parts, black pebbles clattering back against the beach. The man seemed not to notice the predator Carelessly, he turned to stare in moody silence across the dull dunes, his shadow long and black before him outlined by the dim red glare of the dying sun. The man's turning, easy and nonchalant, seemed somehow to disconcert the leaping predator. The man's hand caught it an almost accidental blow and sent it skittering back onto the gravelish beach, where it landed with a clatter on its back and began at once to struggle frantically Even so the crab had not righted itself before a dozen rival predators had attacked it from all sides, tearing away its waving claws and then boring through the exposed openings in its carapace to find the soft nourishment inside

A hundred strides down the beach, there was a sudden pop as a globe like a shimmering great soap bubble appeared just over the black cinders, hovered and shook briefly, then exploded softly From within it a couple set foot upon the strand. They stood, gazing tentatively for a short while at the winged man, then began carefully on quivering pipestem legs to make their way toward him.

The winged man advanced to meet the newcomers, his great muscular strides devouring the distance that their tiny thin legs could barely nibble at The couple seemed to be man and woman, but each showed only vestigial characteristics of gender or of their animal nature at all Their heads were huge and domelike, with only the lightest suggestion of down above the ears. Their ears were huge and moved as if of their own will, their eyes were tiny and deep sunken, but still they blinked and squinted in the dim red sunlight

Above there was a screaming roar as a great black ellipsoid half-appeared, circling over the beach, growing alternately more and less solid in appearance The noise that the object made faded and grew in concert with its growing and lessening solidity. Great aerial screws held the thing above the beach, and multi-faceted gemlike surfaces glowed and dimmed as it moved this way and that through the heavy air

Slowly the machine seemed to stabilize in the air, then to lower itself carefully until it had come to rest on the strand One of the jewels in its skin revolved slowly, then rolled away from the ellipsoid and lay against the black, dull surface of the machine. A small party of people slowly emerged from the machine. They wore dark, form-fitting garments marked with red hexagonal insignia. Their outfits included black, pointed hoods that largely concealed their faces; what could be seen of these showed them to be as black and dull as the clothing and the ship in which they had arrived.

For what seemed like hour upon hour they arrived. Some by strange, grotesque vehicles. Some by spectacularly announced projection. Some by chronon gas, or drugs, or spiritual exercise, or by sheer mental power. Some involuntarily Some unknowingly At one point not far inland from the beach, across the first row of dim, ugly dunes, there suddenly appeared an entire city. Its towers were of white marble and shining glass, its gates were of yellow horn and blackened teak. Its people had pale yellow skin and wore robes of indigo and gold

When it appeared inland of the beach, the city's ruler climbed to the highest point of its highest tower and gazed into the center of the glowing, half-hidden sun, and sent his chief advisor to have himself let out through the yellow horn and teakwood gates, and make his way to join the others on the beach, and confer with them.

We are here, the man from the city of towers said as he approached the others standing on the beach. It seemed a pointless comment: he did not himself know what he meant

The nearest to him, a woman of the black ellipsoid, turned her black-hooded face toward him She nodded. All, we are all here Your master and your people will not leave their city?

The other shook his head in the universal sign, his indigo robes rustling

It is time that he arrive, another voice said The two turned to see whose it was. The speaker was one of the wizened couple It is time, the speaker's companion added. Time, the first said. They nodded

He is coming, a voice asserted. There was a rustling all up and down the beach He is coming, is coming, is coming, voices echoed, whispered, shivered back to silence

It is time, the golden, winged man said. He raised a muscled arm, pointed across the oily sea. Where half the sun's blood-red disk stood in changeless demi-sunset, a black circle had rolled along the horizon and now stood in the center of the sun like a black hole punctured in a red bull's-eye target

A chorus of intaken breaths were drawn

The travelers on the beach there were scores now drew themselves into a great half-ring. The tiny, spindly legged couple from the shimmering bubble stationed themselves facing each other, forty paces apart at the edge of the sea. Tiny wavelets lapped at the edges of their soft-shod feet, leaving a residue of pinkish foam on the pliant, leathery slippers that they wore

Between them, strung in a gentle curve, were all the others. The black-clad, hooded figures from the gem-doored ellipsoid, the men and the women who had arrived by time-gas and by time-drug, by time-quake and by time-slip, those who had arrived by machine, those who had arrived by mind, one who had risen naked and weeping from a great glass coffin of cushions and of blossoms, and one who had struggled wild-eyed and screaming from a barrow beneath the black cindery beach itself, the indigo-robed seer from the city of towers, and the winged godling from the sky above the water

There was a hush as they all stared at the black disk upon the red disk, the stripes of color reflecting from them across the face of the oily sea to the edge of the black cindery beach. Then a voice broke the silence. How will we know him, the voice asked

By his face, one replied By his haggard face, his bruised face, his face of despair

By his clothing another said. By his quaint clothing, his rough cloth trousers and oddly buttoned jacket and the strange cloth cap he wears on his head and the stranger cloth streamer that he ties about his throat

By his machine, a third claimed. By his strange, squat, ugly machine that looks all askew with its ivory bars and its brass railings, its shining rod of quartz and its odd ugly saddle

And how will he know us, the seer from the city of towers asked to know.

We will call him by name. We will call him Nebogipfel.

Nebogipfel

It was as if the name had summoned the man from out of time's grasp. In the center of their half-circle he appeared. The time traveler and the time machine The machine was truly squat and ugly and askew. The traveler bore his face of despair.

He rose from the saddle of his machine, slid the starting lever carefully into a notched position and locked it there. He stepped onto the crunching gravel, stared at the black disk that stood before the sun's blood-red demicircle for a little while, then wheeled slowly, gazing at the face of each of the many who had waited to greet him

He shook his head sadly

Is this ? He gestured with both hands, holding them as far apart as his feet were spread on the black cinders The palms were turned

Nebogipfel at the End of Time. copyright © 1975, by Richard Lupoff. Constructed illustration by Carolyn Ogden

toward each other

Is this all? Is this the end? The end of it all?

He pointed at the red, dying sun with the round black blemish now rolling slowly past its center, toward the edge where the dim glare faded into the blackness of the sky. He moved his hand so that the eye that followed was led across the oily surface of the sea, where only the occasional furious eruption of predator and prey broke the red-trimmed mourning field.

All striving, all dreaming, all thought and suffering brings us to this?

He gave a shrug of hopelessness. A rictus tugged his face into a momentary hideous grin.

But we had greatness, one of the others challenged. In my time—in my time men built cities that towered above the tallest trees, filled their halls with philosophers and actors, musicians and tumblers, and living, naked tableaux. Our glories were recorded on parchment and canvas, in marble and in granite. The world beheld us and

Trembled? Nebogipfel supplied.

No, the other shook his head. No one trembled before us. The world smiled in joy, traded its goods for our art, sang the praises of our creators. We were beloved of the whole world. This was our greatness.

And now? Nebogipfel asked. And now? What is there now of your greatness?

The other was silent.

In my day, a different voice spoke; in my day, we marched! The voice was harsh, strong, confident. All who stood before us, we slew! The rest we made slaves! In my day none could resist! We were the bravest, we were the strongest, we were the hardest! We were never beaten! Never! Never! Never! Never!

Well, said Nebogipfel. I bow to your splendor. I am dazzled by your might! Your empire stretches before me and I cringe in awe.

He swept an arm, encompassing black cinders, blood-red waters, black sky.

In my day, another claimed, we saw these limits. Yes, we had our time on the earth. We dug and we learned and we saw that we had not been the first, and we knew that we would not be the last, either, unless we burned the world and left behind only a dead stone. So we built. Not cities! No! Not fortresses! We built argosies to other worlds, ships to sail to other stars, bolts to carry our seed from the loins of this world to the wombs of a million waiting mothers scattered across God's whole realm! Down into the dust for us, down into the dust, but our children live! Yes, they live yet on a million stars in every direction!

And yet we just begin! A million stars? What did your age know of the universe, Nebogipfel? How many worlds did you visage? Seven? Seventy? Seventy thousand?

A billion worlds, Nebogipfel, a billion worlds in one cinder!

The speaker bent and lifted a blackened pebble from beneath his feet.

What are a billion of these, Nebogipfel?

He hurled the cinder at the tweed-suited time traveler in the center of the ring. The cinder struck Nebogipfel on the cheek, split the skin above the bone and fell, clattering, onto the beach. A narrow trickle of blood dribbled down the time traveler's face and soaked into his soft shirt collar.

The time traveler smiled.

A billion suns? Nebogipfel asked. What are ten billion billion suns? How long will they burn? Ten billion billion years? And then what?

He threw out an arm, gesturing across the sea.

This?

The black disk had transited the half-set redness; a little warmth returned to the tired, musty air.

And after this? In another hundred thousand years, or another hundred million, even this ends.

He pulled his soft cloth cap from his head. Straw-colored hair stuck up in all directions. The time traveler drew the cap across his face so the smooth silken lining covered his eyes. He bowed his head, face still covered, shoulders slumped, the image of a mourner to his own inevitable end.

But our children! the other exclaimed.

Nebogipfel did not move.

The other stared, stricken, at the dying sun. Around him the ranks of the assembled time travelers stood silent and motionless.

Then our grandchildren! Our great-grandchildren!

Nebogipfel did not move.

The travelers remained in silence.

One of the two pipestem-legged travelers advanced across the black cinders, unsteady limbs quavering with every step. The figure halted, facing Nebogipfel, staring up at Nebogipfel, who stood twice the height of the other.

The taller figure lowered the cap from before his eyes and stood, holding it in his hand, looking downward into the great, solemn, squinting-eyed countenance. An involuntary grin worked its way across Nebogipfel's features.

Yes?

We knew you were coming here today, Nebogipfel. Why do you think this assemblage awaited you? Do you think this is all a coincidence? Do you think that these travelers from so many eras, so many races, so many civilizations, all happened to arrive here on this beach, today, by chance?

The tiny mouth drew back in a wry expression.

Nebogipfel tugged his cloth cap back onto his straw-colored head. I suppose there was a plan of some sort, then, he said. He drew himself up to his full height so he towered more than ever over the tiny figure. This is the end of my journey, Nebogipfel said. I miss the London of my era. I lost my Weena. I hate the world of AD 802,701, and every later age I ever visited only made me more laden with gloom, more burdened with hopelessness.

All I want is to go back to my home. Here.

He slapped a hand on the saddle of his time machine, setting the whole thing to quivering and tipping as if it were about to tumble into the black cinders or the blood-red water.

That is precisely what you must not do, the tiny figure piped.

I shall board again with Mrs. Watchett, Nebogipfel said. I shall contribute another seventeen papers on physical optics to the *Philosophical Review*. I shall become the most ordinary of men among ordinary men. No more shall I see the white sphinx.

There you are wrong! the little being piped. Officiously, he gestured and men and women moved forward from the semicircle that stood surrounding Nebogipfel. Strong arms seized the original time traveler. Cords appeared and he was bound and placed on the saddle of his machine.

We are all time travelers, Nebogipfel, the little being said. But you are the prototype, you are the ideal of whom we are all faint reflections. You say that you despair of the ultimate end of life. What would you call it? Some would say, the ultimate entropy. Some would say, the heat death of the universe. Some would say, the cosmic nirvana.

But your own philosophy says, there is no forever. There is nothing that endures unending. When the universe reaches its end, Nebogipfel, what lies beyond the end? What lies beyond the end?

Again the little being gestured. A hand moved an ivory bar on Nebogipfel's time machine. Another turned the glittering quartz rod.

Nebogipfel shouted, No! Send me back! Send me back!

But the other said, Yes! You must go on, Nebogipfel! Once you have tasted of futurity, there is no returning! You must go onward, not back! What lies beyond the end, Nebogipfel? What lies beyond the end?

A tiny hand gestured. A powerful hand reached, unlocked the starting lever of Nebogipfel's time machine. The lever was thrown. Nebogipfel shouted. The machine and its rider flickered, faded, disappeared from the beach.

The tiny figure returned to its place at the edge of the pink foaming sea.

None of us will know, one of the people standing there said.

Nebogipfel knows, another said.

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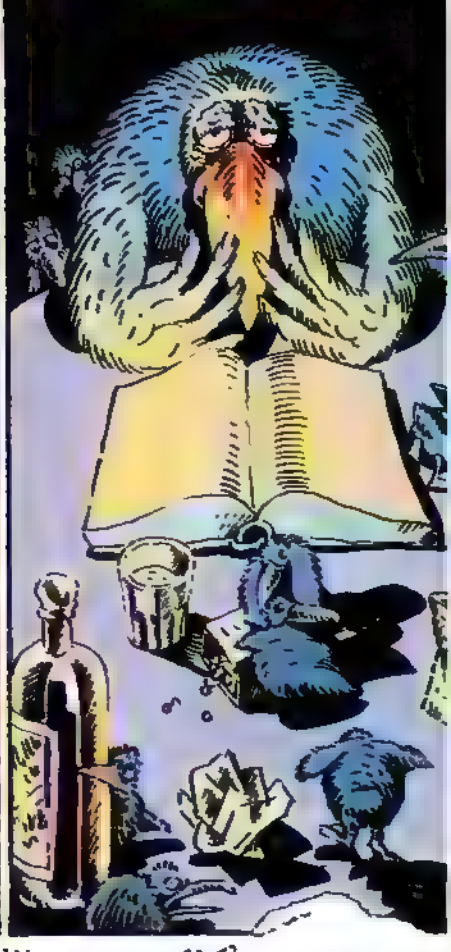

unusually tough, as in *heavy duty*. 2) oppressive; tyrannical.

heavy-footed, *adj.*, heavy or clumsy in walking, [illegible]

heavy-handed, *adj.*, 1) clumsy, tactless. 2) oppressive; tyrannical.

heavy metal, *n.* 1) a metal of high specific gravity. 2) gun or shot of large size, hence fig., ability, mental or bodily; power, influence, as "he is a man of *heavy metal*." 3) music that is predominantly brass or electronically produced; loud rock music with strong, sensuous rhythms. 4) from the French *Metal Hurlant*, lit., screaming metal, a magnificent new magazine with emphasis on brilliant and unusual science fiction/fantasy art, bizarre stories, etc.

racket, *n.* (Slang), a branch of crime that involves or m[illegible] personal violence.

he[illegible] compound like water, composed of oxygen [illegible]gen of atomic weight 2; water enrich[illegible] studies and as a moderator [illegible]ighing much m[illegible]

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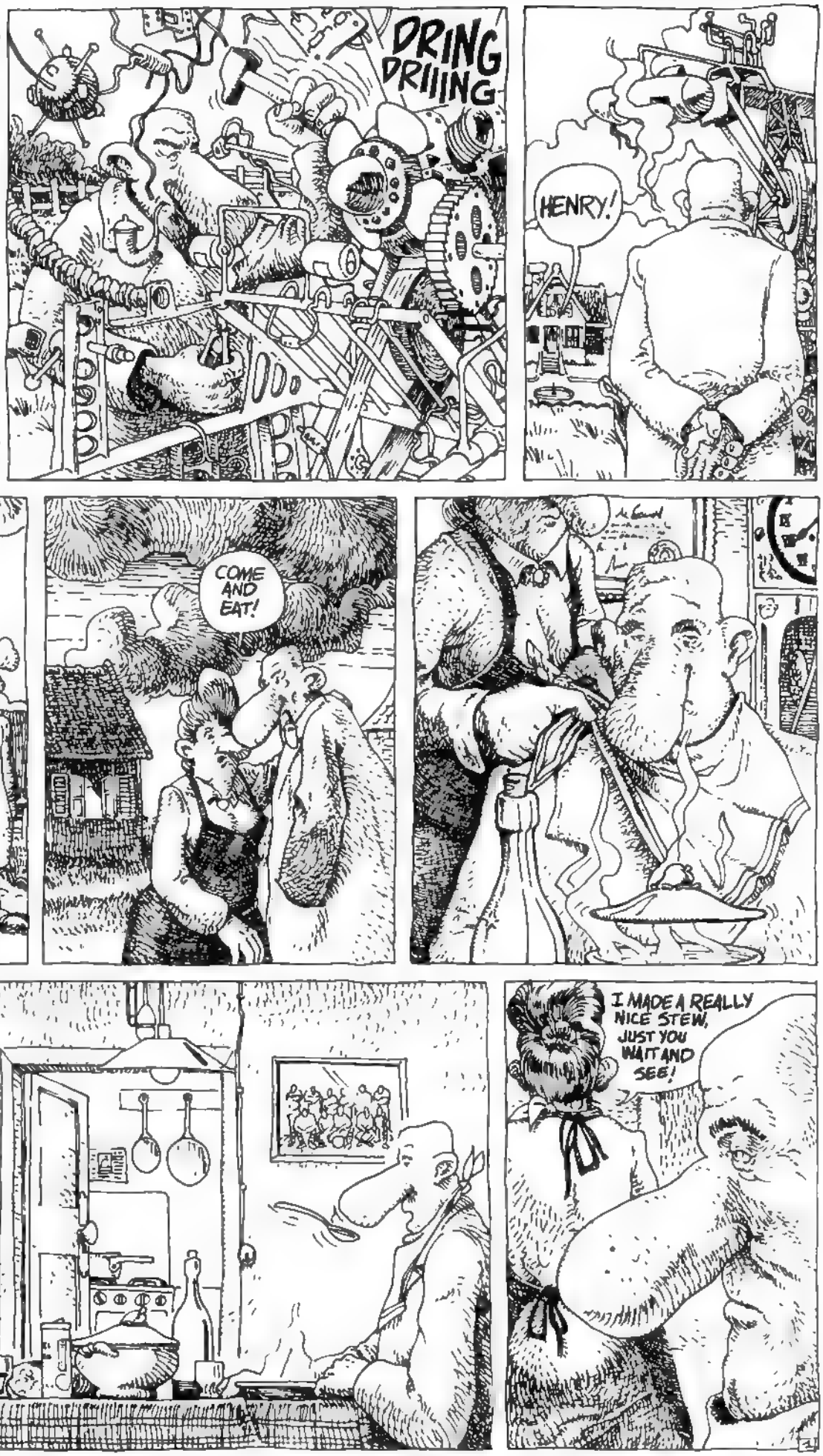
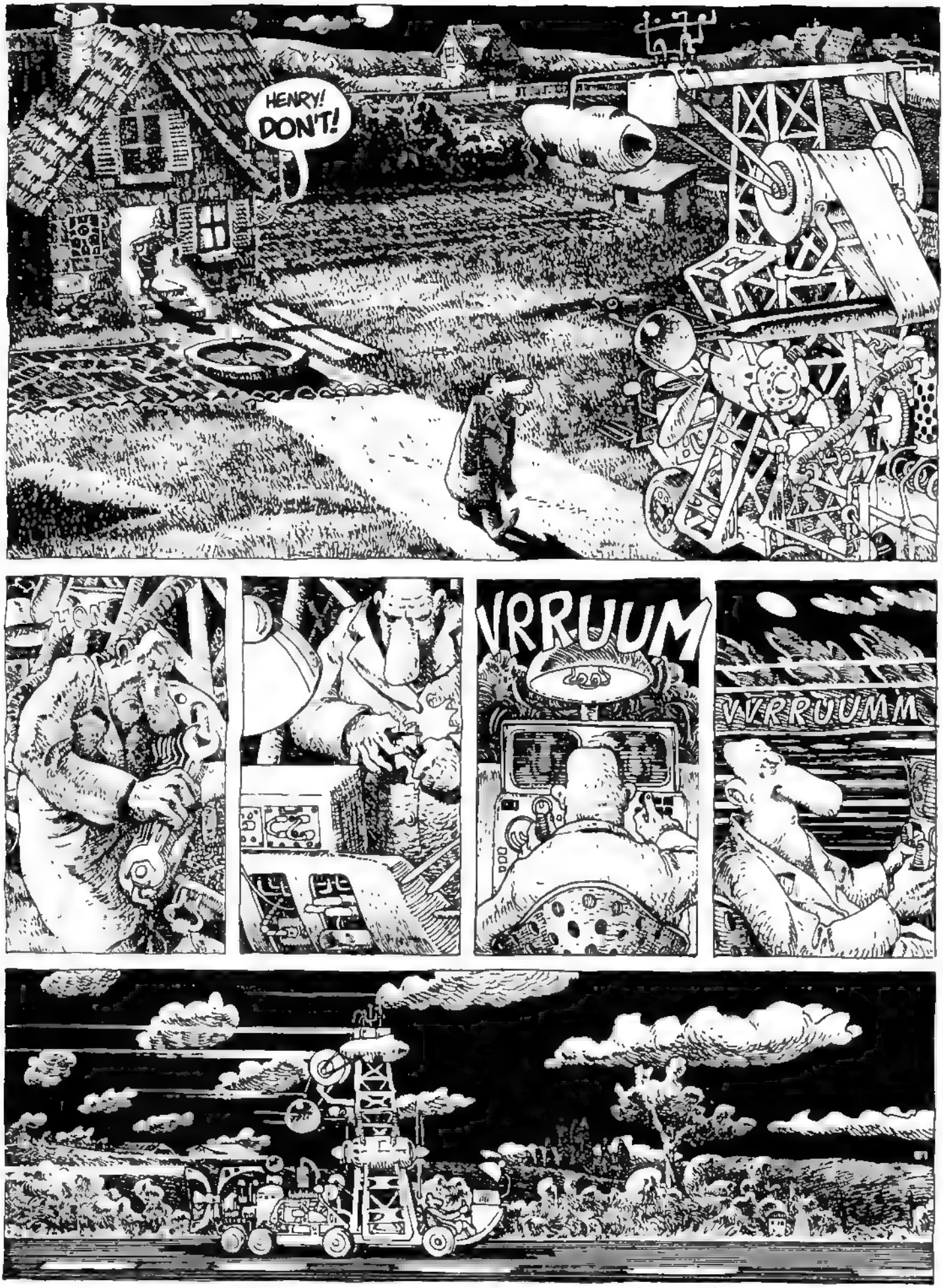
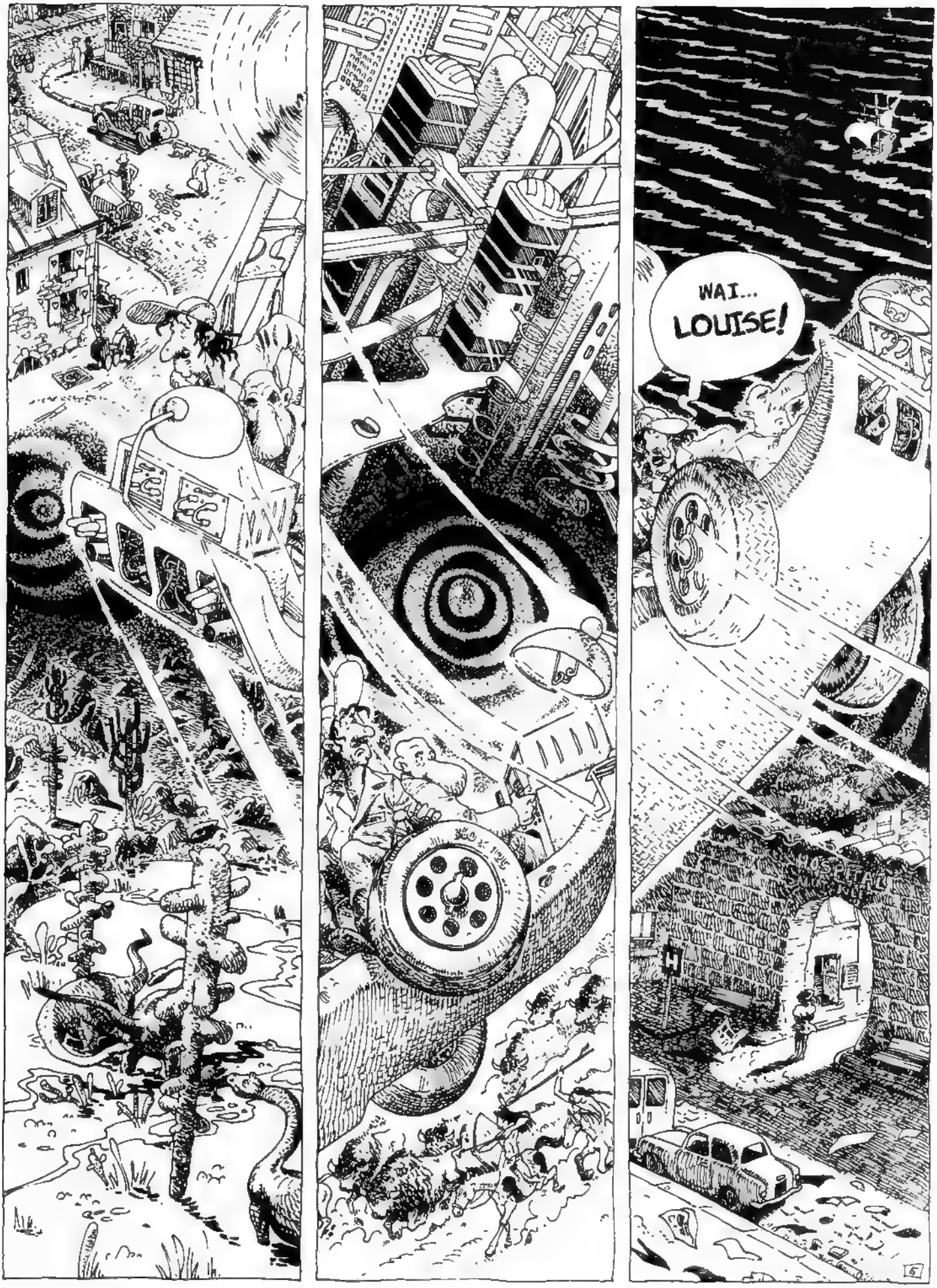
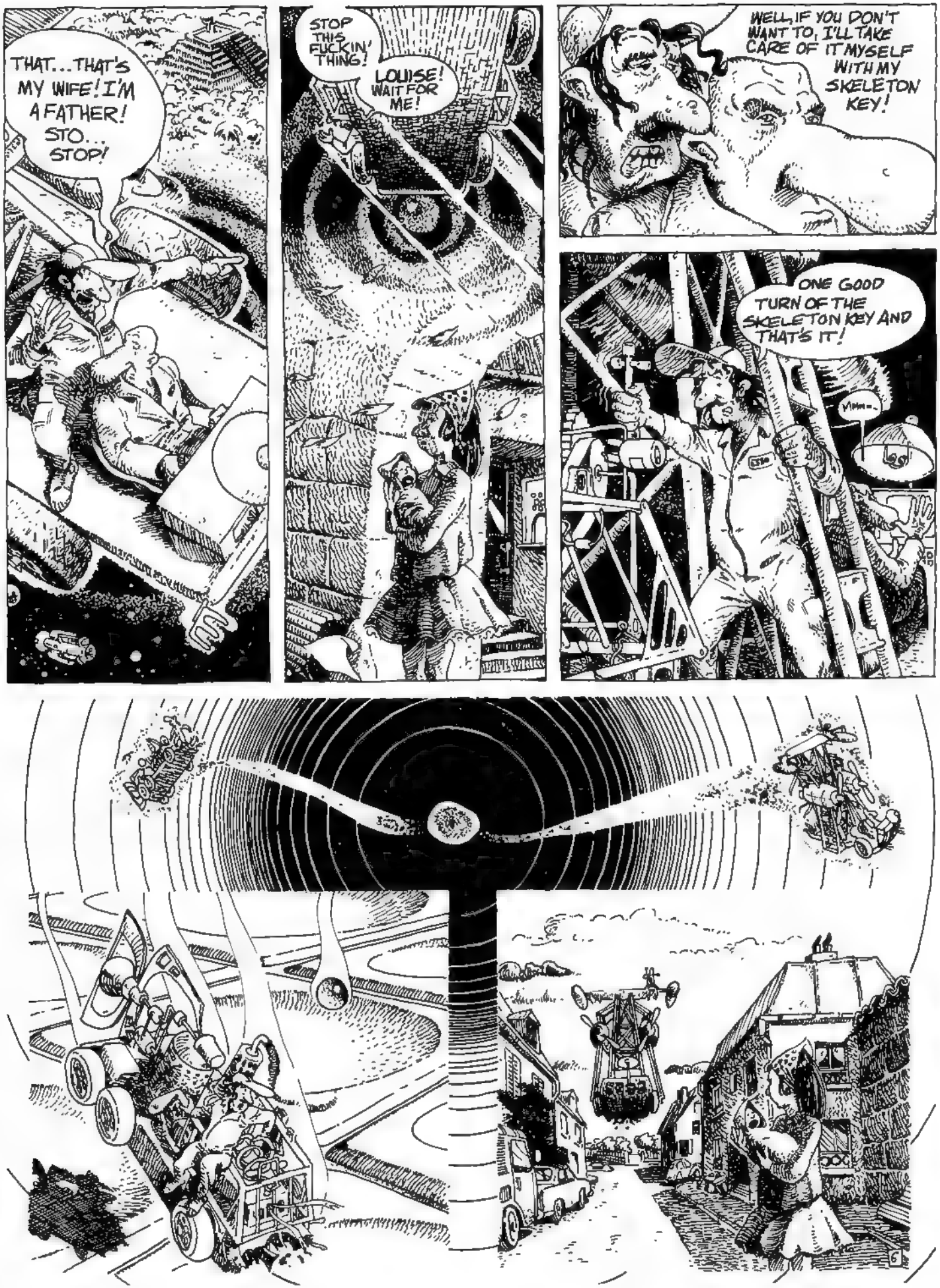


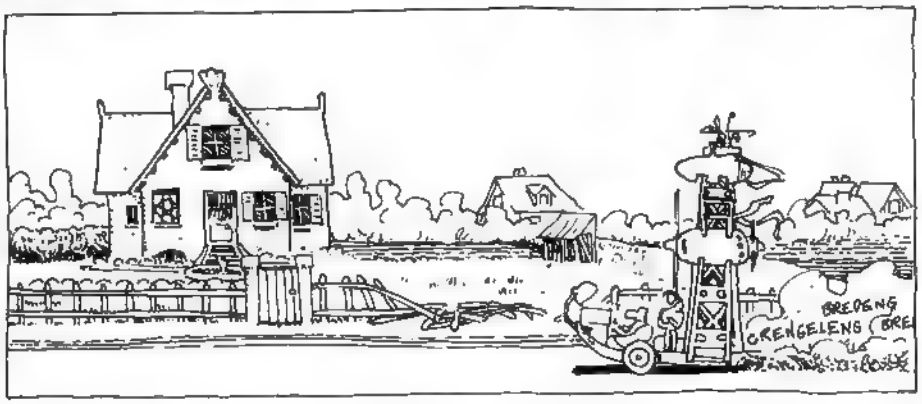
CAREFUL! IT'S HOT!
STOP THAT!
HENRY! I INSIST YOU DON'T DO THAT AT THE TABLE!
HENRY!


HENRY!
DON'T!
VRRUUM
VRRUUMM

WHAT A RELIEF!
FOR TWO DAYS I'VE BEEN HANGING AROUND IN THE PIT WITH A DRIVE SHAFT ON THE BLINK! OL' BUDDY...
EVER SINCE THEY MADE US THAT NEW SET OF POINTS, YOU CAN'T TELL WHAT'S UP WITH THIS ROAD!
AND MY WIFE IS STILL WAITING FOR ME AT THE CLINIC, POOR THING. SHE'S GOT A BUN IN THE OVEN.
YOUR CRATE SURE IS A HELL OF A MACHINE! CYLINDERS TO THE CAM SHAFT AND ALL THE REST! HO! HO!... COME ON, YOU CAN'T HIDE ANYTHING FROM ME. I'VE GOT AN EXPERT'S EYE.
HEY! IT'S A PLANE, TOO!
FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS!
WHA?!!


WAI...
LOUISE!
HOSPITAL
6

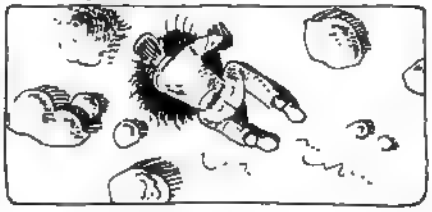

THAT...THAT'S MY WIFE! I'M A FATHER! STO... STOP!
STOP THIS FUCKIN' THING!
LOUISE! WAIT FOR ME!
WELL, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO, I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT MYSELF WITH MY SKELETON KEY!
ONE GOOD TURN OF THE SKELETON KEY AND THAT'S IT!
VRRRR...



AND SO: LOUIS ZARZO EXPLORES FUTURE AGES...

WHILE HENRY SCHLITZ-SMITH AND HIS WIFE TAKE IN THE POOR ORPHAN...

JOHN BLAP SINKS A HOLE.



GOOD NEWS IN BOB'S NEWSPAPER:

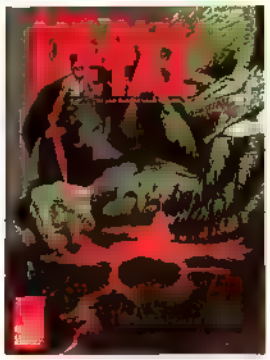
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak, and more ($5.00)

HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet, Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue ($4.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben; Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak ($3.00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977: is a must for Moebius fans with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo and the horrible Gold Queen ($3.00)



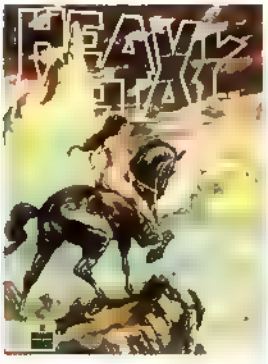
HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes World Apart and Den continue all amidst talking plants, samurai puppets, sex, and violence ($3.00)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic Aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera more World Apart, Den, and Polonius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story ($3.00)

HM #7/OCTOBER, 1977. Packed with knights, ladies, jet pilots, insanity, reincarnation, and other harmless pastimes, 10 pages of color Moebius, the Airtight Garage Den, and Polonius *redux* and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon ($3.00)

HM #8/NOVEMBER, 1977. With nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart, ex-pugs, intellectual mollusks, birth and death stars, and a great new Harlan Ellison story-- the heaviest *Heavy Metal* yet! ($3.00)

HM #9/DECEMBER, 1977: This time went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druillet's anti-hero, Vuzz, a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein, in addition to full-color contributions from regulars Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius ($3.00)



HM #10/JANUARY, 1978 We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny, we got Lob and Pichard to update Ulysses, we got Meehan to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar girl, we concluded Conquering Armies, and continued Den. Of course, you *knew* about the Incas' fog lights, and the time warp ($2.00)

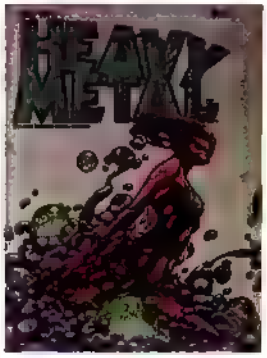
HM #11/FEBRUARY, 1978: Wherein begin the new adventures of Barbarella, naked to her enemies and nude to her friends, and of Urm the Fool in his quest for revenge. Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino. A trip to Venus, the Crusader and the Witch, and Moebius down the rabbit hole. With the usual unusual like Den ($2.00)

HM #12/MARCH, 1978: In which we learn the evils of witch-hunts and the perils of witchcraft, the problems of mass transit, and the dangers of hitchhiking. Plus, the first swashbuckling episode of Orion. More Barbarella. More Urm. And still more Den ($2.00)

HM #13/APRIL, 1978: Big deal first anniversary issue with 30-page insert from Paradise 9 by all concerned. Also, amidst the king must die, death's duel and the undead, Barbarella gives birth. Oh, and the sexual acrobatic epilogue to Den. ($2.00)

HM #14/MAY, 1978: Does Urm the Mad locates El Dorado goes to pieces on a bicycle, buys a cannibal clock, time-travels and cerebrally tap-dances with Nino. Not to mention Onion and Barbarella. ($2.00)

HM #15/JUNE 1978: This time, we go too far. For instance the exotic new Corben Shahrazad, the neurotic Evolution, the ecstatic More Than Human, the erotic Barbarella and the erotic Them Changes. And an excerpt from Sabre, and the origins of Hellman. ($2.00)



HM #16/JULY, 1978: A happy ending to Barbarella, a sad ending to 1996, the resumption of Druillet's Gail, the further adventures of Hellman and Onion, More Than Human cont'd, and another piece of the Arabian Nights tale from Corben. ($2.00)

HM #17/AUGUST, 1978: Looks like more of the same with Onion, Corben's Arabian Nights, Hellman and the last More Than Human. Except Druillet's Gail gets going again, the Off Season starts, cannibal robots get involved, and somebody finally touches the right button. ($2.00)

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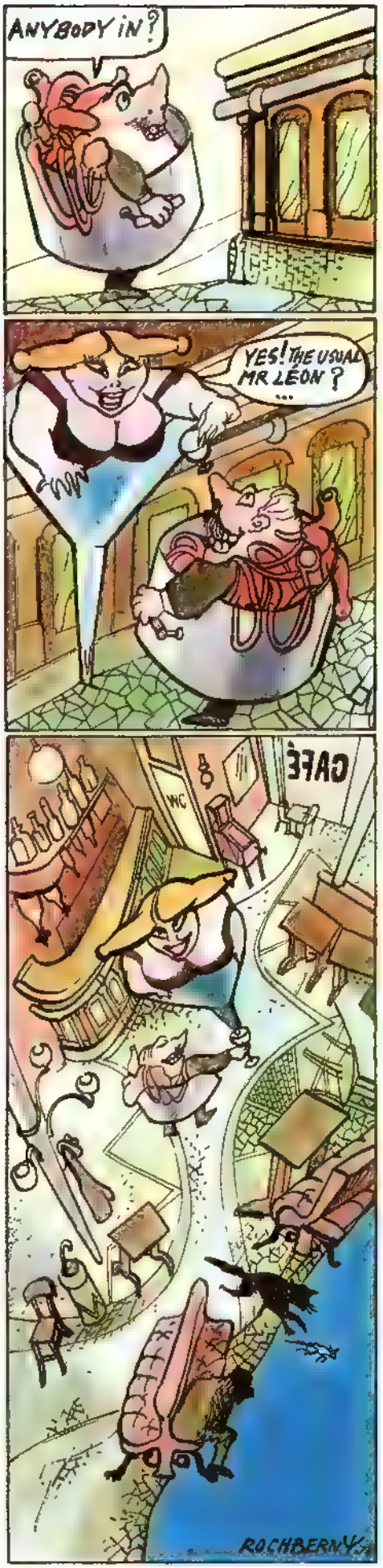
HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM978 635 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y. 10022



Down here in this land beneath the city, live the children. They live easily and in strange ways. I am only now coming to know the incredible manner of their existence. How they eat, what they eat, how they manage to survive, and have managed for hundreds of years, these are all things I learn day by day, with wonder surmounting wonder.
I am the only adult here. They have been waiting for me. They call me father.

CROATOAN

by Harlan Ellison, Tom Sutton, Alfredo Alcala, and Stephen Oliff

Beneath the city, there is yet another city; wet and dark and strange; a city of sewers and moist scuttling creatures and running rivers so desperate to be free not even Styx fits them. And in that lost city beneath the city, I found the child.

Oh my God, if I knew where to start. With the child? No, before that. With the alligators? No, earlier. With Carol? Probably. It always started with a Carol. Or an Andrea. A Stephanie. Always someone.

"Stop it! Dammit, just stop it . . . I said stop . . ." and I had to hit her.

It wasn't that hard a crack, but she had been weaving, moving, stumbling; she went over the coffee table, all the fifty dollar gift books coming down on top of her. Wedged between the sofa and the overturned table.

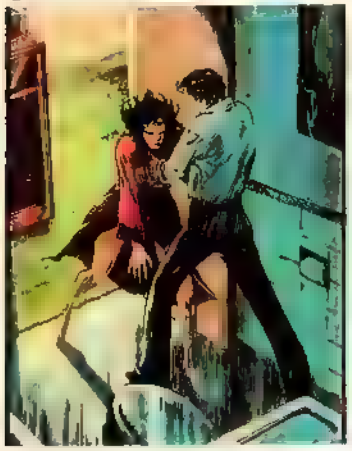
I kicked the table out of the way and bent to help her up, but she grabbed me by the waist and pulled me down; crying, begging me to do something. I held her and put my face in her hair and tried to say something right, but what could I say?

Denise and Joanna had left, taking the d&c tools with them. She had been quiet, almost as though stunned by the hammer, after they had scraped her.

Quiet, stunned, dry-eyed but hollow-eyed; watching me with the plastic Baggie. The sound of the toilet flushing had brought her running from the kitchen.

I heard her coming and caught her just as she started through the hall to the bathroom as the water sucked the Baggie down and away.

"D-do somethi-ing," she gasped.



I kept saying Carol, Carol, over and over, holding her.

After a few minutes, she spiraled down into dry, sandpapered sighs. I lifted her onto the sofa, and she looked up at me

"Go after him, you sonofabitch!" she screamed.

"I can't go after him, dammit, he's in the plumbing; he's in the river by now! Let me alone!" I was screaming back at her.

"Go after him, Gabe. Please, go after him."

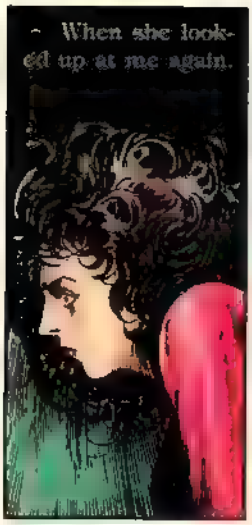
"Come on, Carol, stop it. I feel lousy about it . . ."

She found a place where untapped tears waited, and I sat there, across from the sofa, for almost half an hour, wishing she was dead, wishing I was dead, wishing everyone was dead . . . except the kid.

But. He was the only one who was dead.

Flushed.

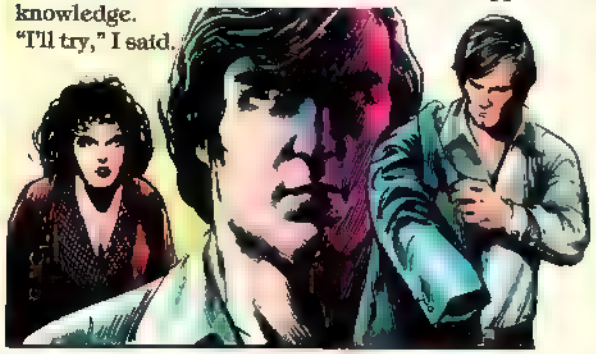
Bagged and flushed.



I had never heard anyone sound that way, ever. Not ever. It frightened me. Riptides beneath the surface of her words created trembling images of shadow women drinking Drano, floating face up in thick, red bath water, their hair rippling out like jellyfish.

I knew she would do it. I couldn't support that knowledge.

"I'll try," I said.



When I reached the street, still and cold in the pre-dawn, I thought I would walk down to the Drive and mark time till I could return and console her with the lie that I had tried but failed.

But she was standing in the window, staring down at me.

I looked from the manhole cover to the window, and back again, and again, and again. She waited. Watching. I went to the iron cover and got down on one knee and tried to pry it up Impossible. I bloodied my fingertips trying, and finally stood thinking I had satisfied her.

I took one step toward the building and realized she was no longer in the window.

I went to her and looked into her face. She knew what I was asking: isn't this enough? Haven't I done enough?

She held out the rod. No, I hadn't done enough.

It moved with difficulty, and I strained to pry it off the hole. When it fell, it made a clanging in the street that rose up with an alarming suddenness. I had to push it aside with both hands

When I looked up from that circle of darkness that lay waiting, and turned to the spot where she had given me the tool, she was gone.

I looked up; she was back in the window.

The smell of the unwashed city drifted up from the manhole, chill and condemned. There was no rational reason for going down into the sewers. None.

But there were eyes on me from an apartment window. It escaped me.

The smell of the earth is there, where there is no earth. An open grave waiting patiently for the corpse of the city to fall.
I stood on the ledge above the rushing tide, sensing the sodden weight of lost and discarded life that rode the waters, toward even darker depths.

My God, I thought, I must be out of my mind just to be here. It had finally overtaken me, the years of casual hatems, careless lies, the guilt I suppose. I'd always known it would mount up till it couldn't be denied. I [illegible] to where I belonged.

Once, years ago, I had an affair with my junior partner's wife. They're divorced now. We flew to Kentucky together one weekend. When my work was done in Louisville, we drove out into the countryside.

I liked the feel of the entire Earth over me. I was not claustrophobic, I was — in some perverse way — wonderfully free. Even soaring! Under the ground, I was soaring!

The walk deeper into the sewer system did not unsettle or distress me. I rather enjoyed being alone. The smell was terrible, but terrible in a way I had not expected.

Instead, there was a bittersweet scent of rot — reminiscent of Florida mangrove swamps. There was the smell of cinnamon, and wallpaper paste, and charred rubber; melted cardboard, coffee grounds still aromatic, rust.

It was a commune of bindlestiffs; derelicts gathered together beneath the streets for safety and the skeleton of camaraderie.

The hunkering men watched me come toward them. One of them said something, directly into the ear of the man beside him; he moved his lips very little and never took his eyes off me.

As I neared, the men stirred expectantly.

One of them reached into a deep pocket of his overcoat for something bulky. I stopped and looked at them.

They looked at the heavy iron rod Carol had given me.

They wanted what I had, if they could get it.

I wasn't afraid. I was under the earth and I was part iron rod. They could not get what I had. They knew it.

Watching them carefully, one of them, perhaps strong himself, stood up and, thrusting his hands deeper into his pockets, [illegible] passage down the

He watched me, trying to see me more clearly, it seemed, as we descended deeper into the darkness. I turned the bend first.

Waiting, I heard the sounds of rats in their nests.

He came around the bend, on my side of the channel. I did nothing. stayed far back motionless in the niche and let him pass.

Standing there, my back to the slimy wall, listening to the darkness around me, utter, final, even palpable.

There's no logic to why it happened. At first, Carol had been just another casual liaison, another bright mind to touch. I grow bored quickly.

It's not a sense of humor I seek—every hopping, crawling member of the animal kingdom has a sense of humor—it's wit! Wit is the answer. Let me touch a woman with wit and I'm gone, sold on the spot.

I said to her, the first time I met her, at a party, "Do you fool around?"

"I don't fool," she said, instantly, no, no need for rehearsal, "fools bore me. Are you a fool?"

I was delighted and floored at the same time. I went fumfuhfumfuh, and she didn't give me a moment. "Answer this one: how many sides are there to a round building?"

I started to laugh. "I don't know," I said, "how many sides are there?"

"Two," she answered, "inside and outside. I guess you're a fool. No, you may not take me to bed."

I was undone. She couldn't have run it better.

At first it was just casual, but she had depth, she had such an air of self-possession that it was inevitable I would start according her the attention she needed and wanted and without demanding . . .

I came to care.

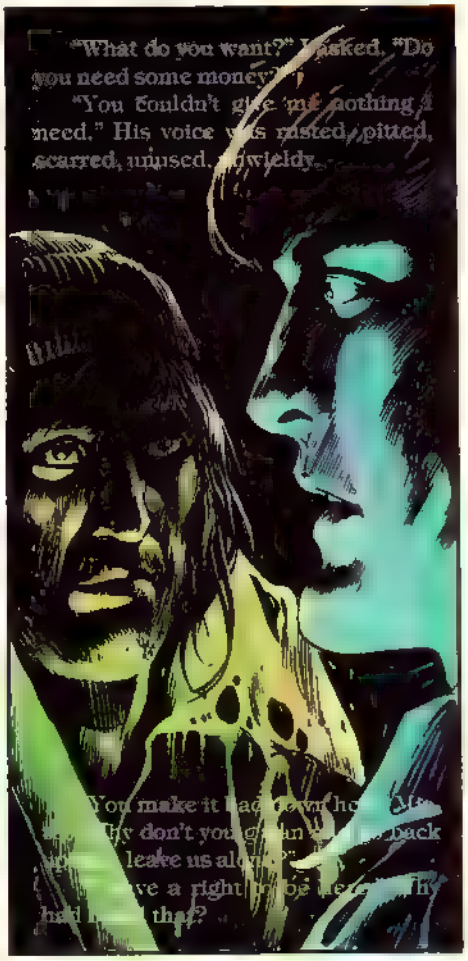
Why didn't I take precautions? Again, there's no logic to it. I thought she was; and for a while, she was. Then she stopped, something internal, the gynecologist had suggested she go off the pill for a while. She suggested vasectomy to me. I chose to ignore the suggestion. But chose not to stop sleeping with her.

When I called Denise and Joanna, and told them Carol was pregnant, they sighed. They said they considered me a public menace, but told me to tell her to come down to the Abortion Center. I told them, hesitantly, that it had gone too long, suction wouldn't work. Joanna simply snarled, "You thoughtless cocksucker!" and hung up the extension.

But, they came — Joanna pausing a moment at the door to advise me this was the last time, the very last time, the last time she could stomach it, that it was the last time and did I have that fixed firmly, solidly, embedded in my brain?

Now I was here in the sewers.

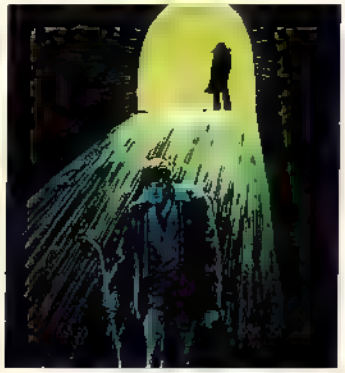
I tried to remember what Carol looked like, but it wasn't an image I could fix in my mind half as solidly as I had fixed the thought that this. Was. The. Last. Time.



"You got no right to come down here; stay back upside where you belong. All of us know you make it bad, Mister."

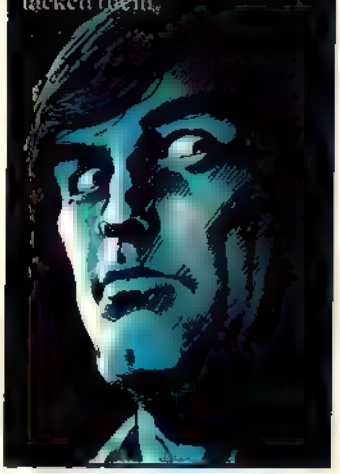
"Take your hands out of your pockets, slowly, I want to make sure you aren't going to hit me when I turn around. I'm going on down there, not back. Come on now, carefully."

I turned and went away from him.

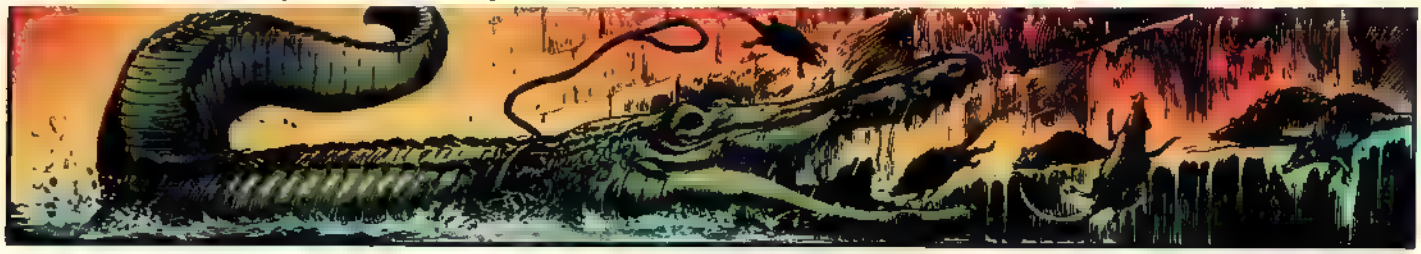


I continued walking. Sometimes I cried, but I don't know why, or for what, or for whom. Certainly not for myself.

I heard a nest of rats squealing as something attacked them.



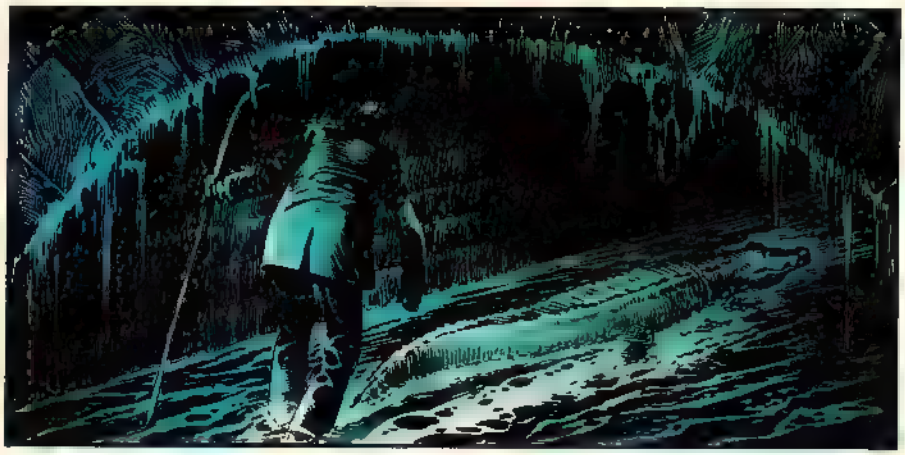
An alligator was ripping the throats of baby rats.



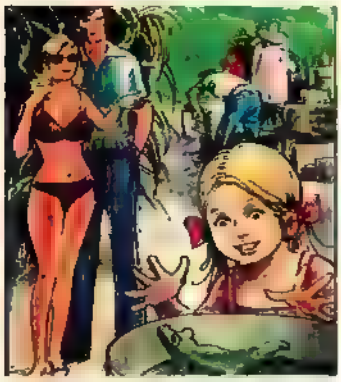
I stood watching, sick[illegible] fascinated. Then [illegible] the shrieks of anguish were extinguished at last, the great saurian, direct[illegible] descendant of Rex, turned to stare at me.

I moved back against the wall of the side tunnel as the alligator belly-crawled past me, dragging its leash.

I watched its scaled and taloned feet leave deep prints in the muck underfoot, and I followed the beast, its trail clearly marked by the impression of the leash in the mud.



Frances had a five-year-old daughter. She took the little girl for a vacation to Miami Beach one year.



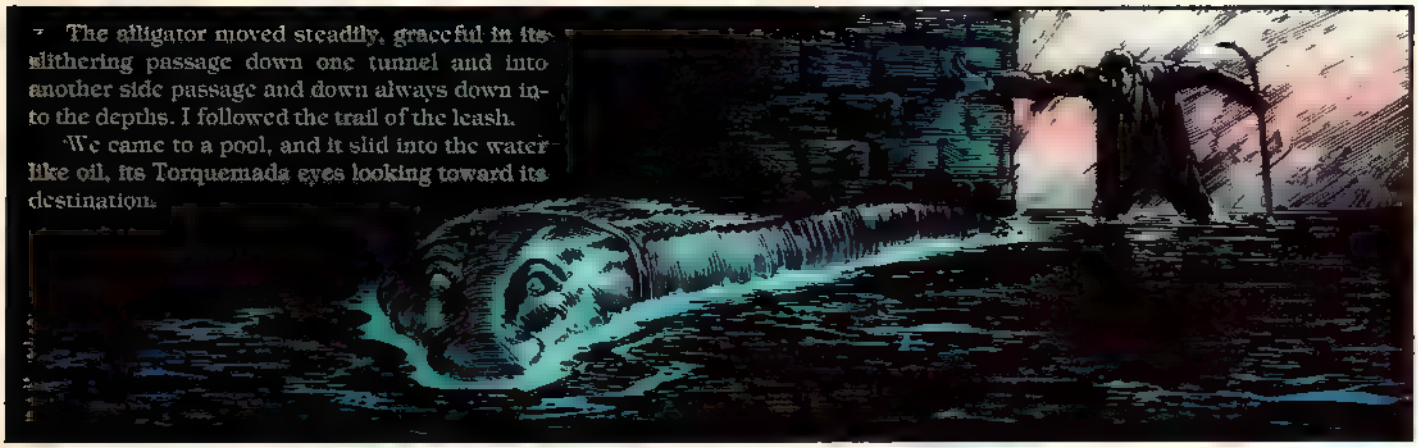
I flew down for a few days.

The daughter, whose name I can't recall, wanted a baby alligator. Cute. We brought it back on the plane in a cardboard box

Less than a month later it had grown large enough to snap.

Its teeth weren't that long, but it snapped. It was saying: this is what I'll be; direct lineal descendant of Rex.

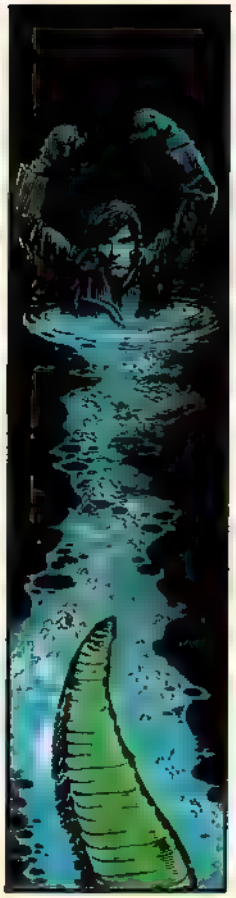
Frances flushed it down the toilet one night after we'd made love.



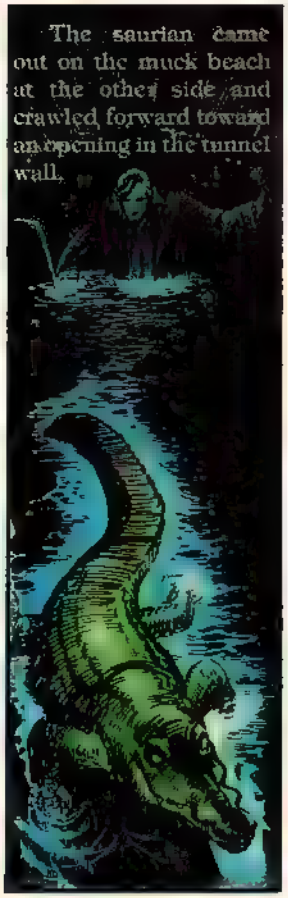
The alligator moved steadily, graceful in its slithering passage down one tunnel and into another side passage and down always down into the depths. I followed the trail of the leash.

We came to a pool, and it slid into the water like oil, its Torquemada eyes looking toward its destination.

I thrust the iron rod down my pant leg, pulled my belt tight enough to hold it.



The saurian came out on the muck beach at the other side and crawled forward toward an opening in the tunnel wall.



The opening gave into darkness, but as I passed through, I trailed my hand across the wall and felt a door. I stopped, surprised, and felt in the darkness.

I walked through . . . and stopped.

There had been something else on the door.

I found the indentations at once and ran my fingertips across them. They were letters.

CROATOAN. It made no sense. I stood there a moment, trying to decide if it was a word the sanitation engineers might have used for some designation of a storage area; perhaps, Croatoan. No sense. Not Croatoan, it was Croatoan. Something nibbled at the back of my memory. I had heard the word before, knew it from somewhere.

CROATOAN

I went through the doorway again.

I heard them coming toward me from both sides, and it was clear: alligators, many of them.

From side passages, I stopped and reached out to find the wall of the channel. I couldn't find it.

Now, for the first time, I felt terror.

The safe, warm, enfolding darkness of the underworld had, in an instant, merely by the addition of sounds around me, become a suffocating, grinding sheet.

I began to run!

I lost the rod somewhere, the iron bar that had been my weapon, my security.

Finally, exhausted, I slipped and fell and lay for a moment. I heard slithering all around me and managed to pull myself to a sitting position.

My back grazed a wall, and I fell up against it with a moan of gratitude.

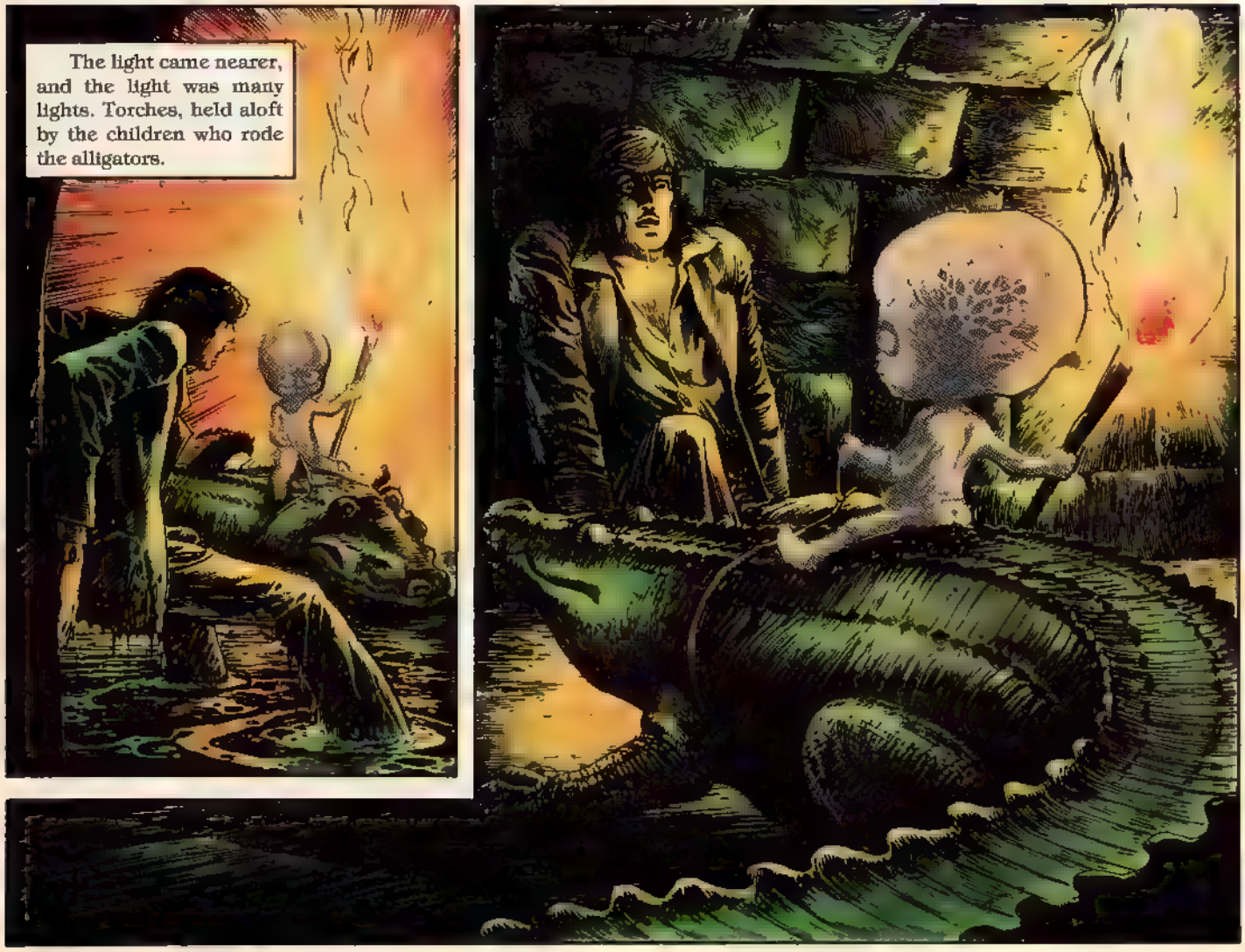
Something, at least; a wall against which to die.

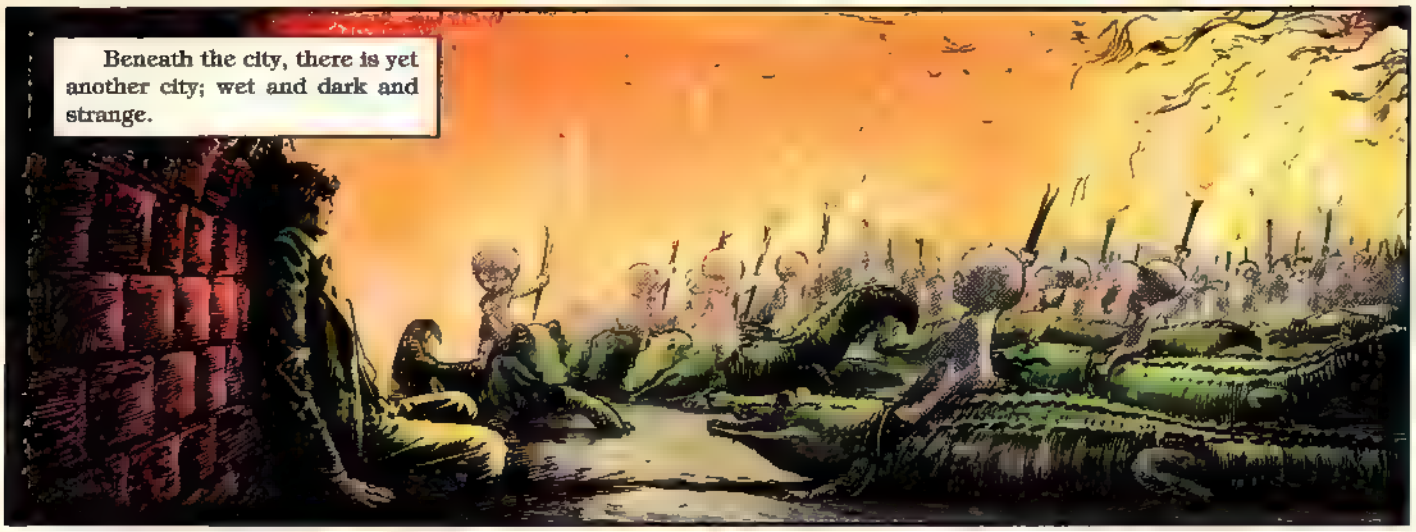
I don't know how long I lay there, waiting for the teeth.

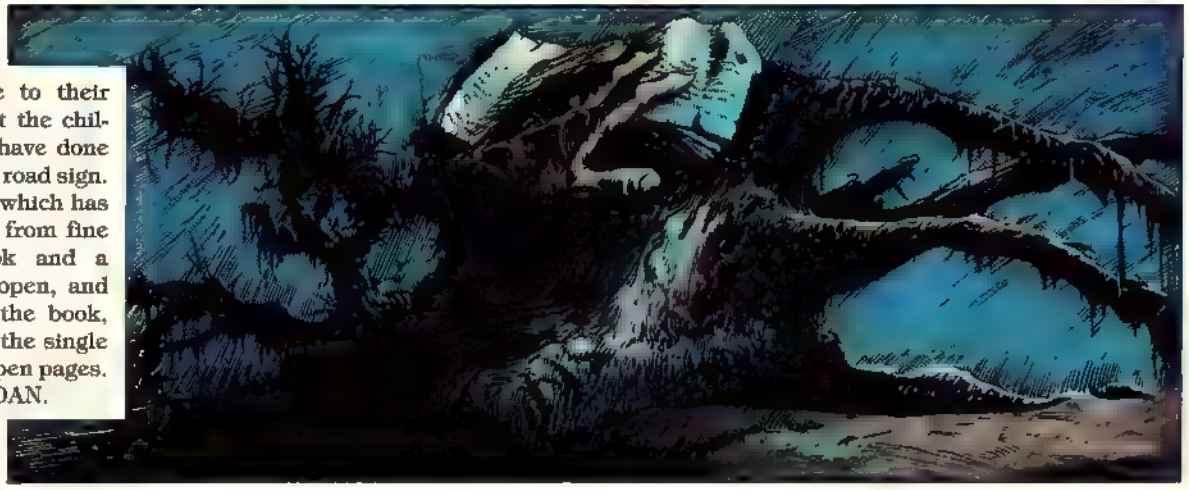
Then I saw light. Flickering, bobbing, going up and down just slightly, coming toward me.

As the light grew closer and brighter, I saw there was something right beside me; the something that had touched me; it had been there for a time, watching me.

It was a child.
Naked, with eyes great and luminous, very young, hairless, its arms shorter than they should have been, purple and crimson veins crossing its bald skull like traceries of blood on a parchment, fine even features, nostrils dilating as it breathed shallowly, this child stared at me, looked up at me, saying nothing, watching me, a wonder in its world, watching me with saucer eyes the light behind flickering and pulsing. This child.


The light came nearer, and the light was many lights. Torches, held aloft by the children who rode the alligators.





At the entrance to their land someone – not the children, they couldn't have done it – long ago built a road sign. It is a rotted log on which has been placed, carved from fine cherrywood, a book and a hand. The book is open, and the hand rests on the book, one finger touching the single word carved in the open pages. The word is CROATOAN.

On August 13, 1590, Governor John White of the Virginia colony managed to get back to the stranded settlers of the Roanoke North Carolina, colony.

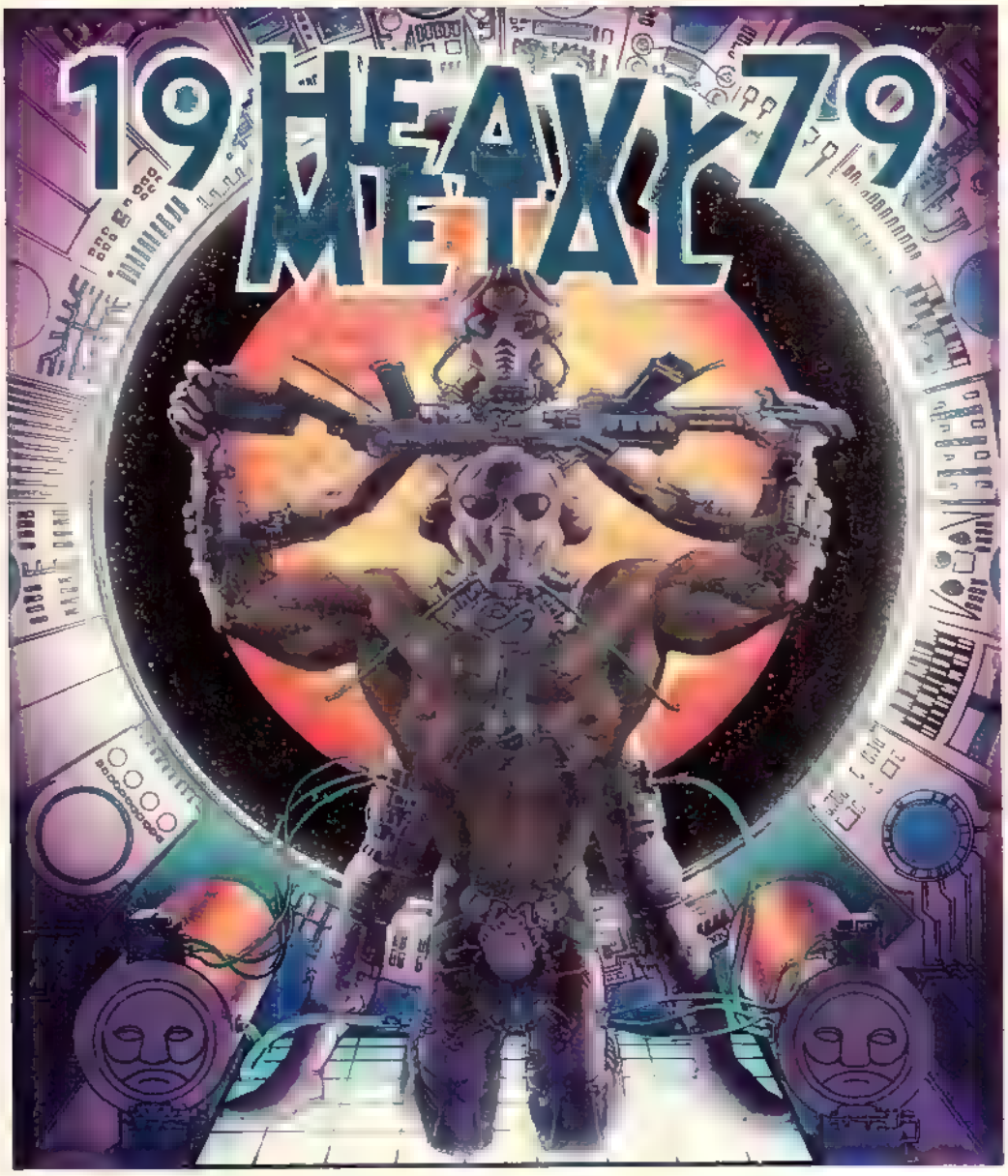
They had been waiting three years for supplies, but politics, foul weather and the Spanish Armada had made it impossible.

When they reached the site of the colony, though they found the stronghold walls still standing against possible Indian attacks, no sign of life greeted them.

The Roanoke colony had vanished Every man, woman and child, gone. Only the word CROATOAN had been left.

There was a Croatan island, but they were not there. All that remains of legend is the story of the child Virginia Dare and the mystery of what happened to the lost settlers of Roanoke.

TIME MACHINE



HEAVY METAL

The fantasy calendar for 1979 is from *Heavy Metal*, of course. From its cover by Richard Corben to Moebius in December, a year's worth of stunning, haunting, exciting ORIGINAL illustrations by *Heavy Metal* artists—including Druillet, Claveloux, and Kaluta, and special dates—Tarzan's birthday, Druid feasts, the anniversary of the end of the world. Order two—it's an ideal gift for old rich relatives with weak hearts

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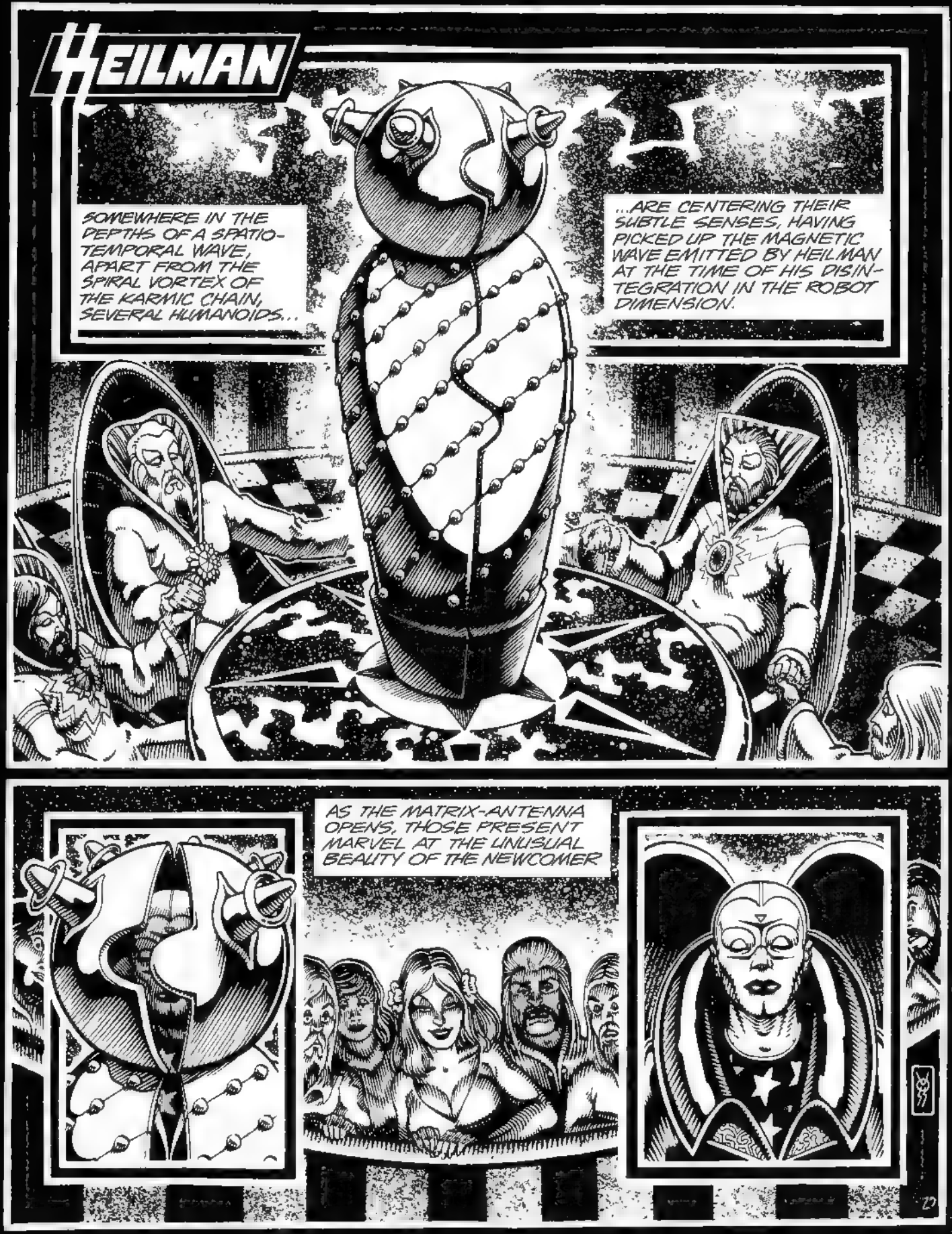
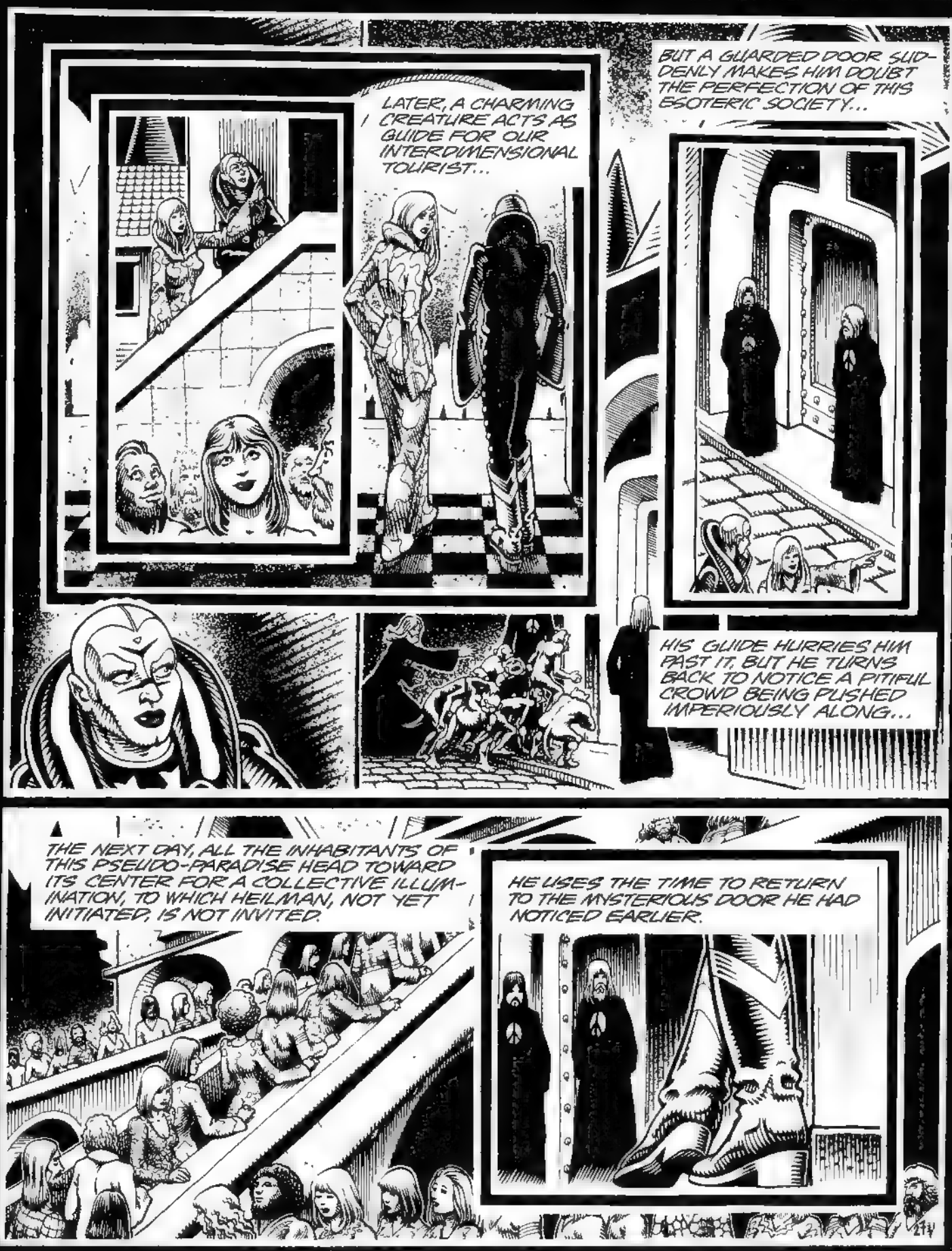
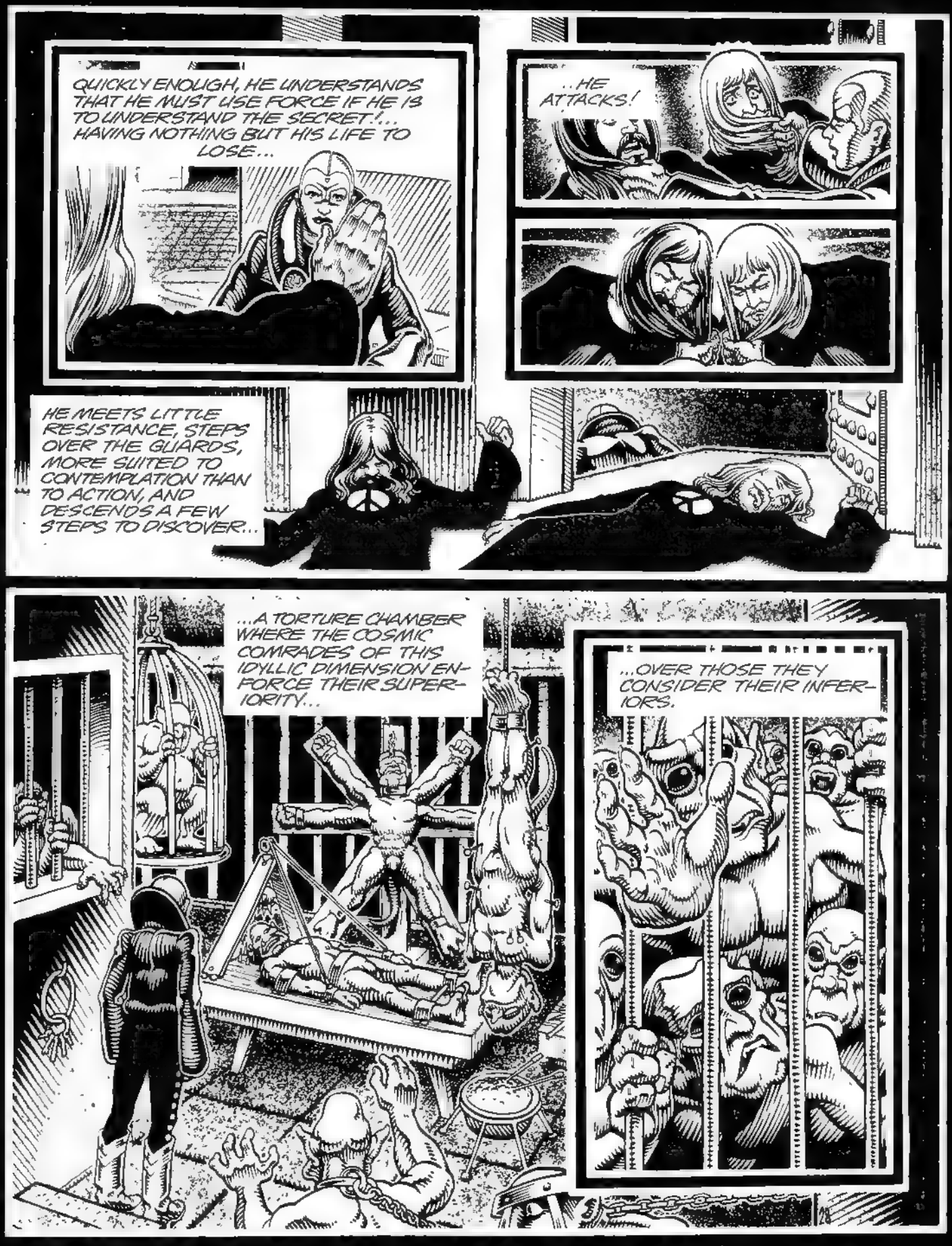
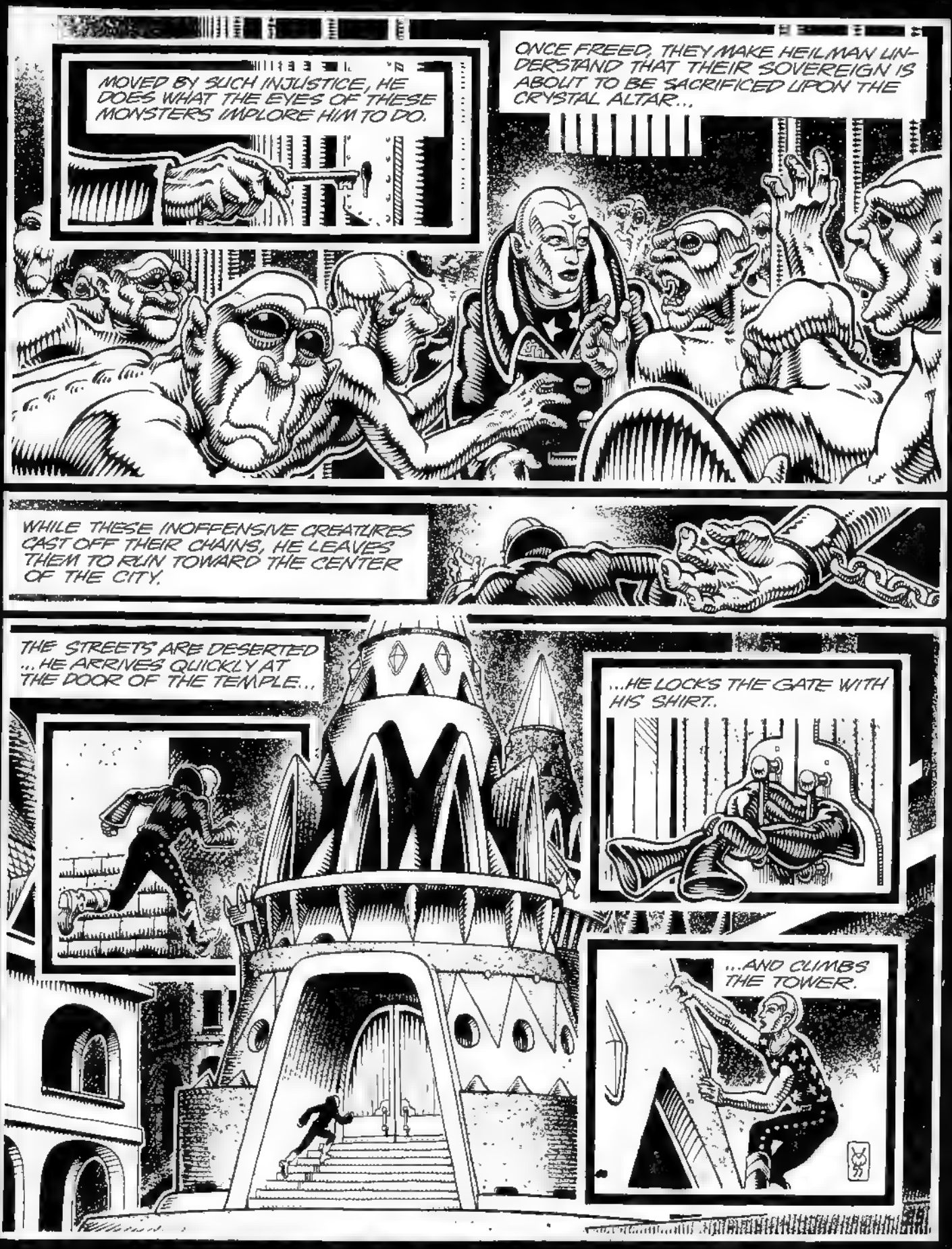
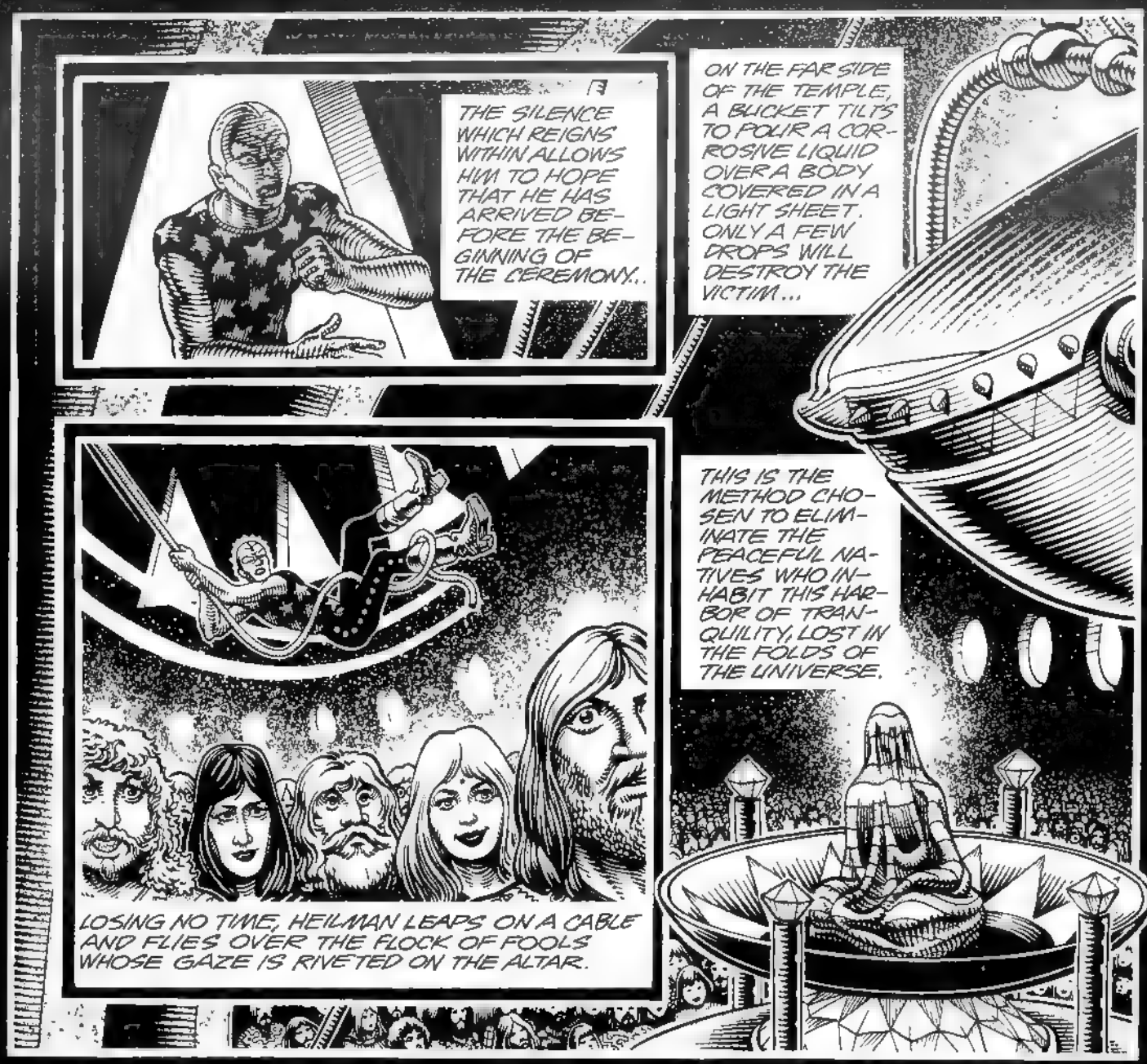

HEILMAN
SOMEWHERE IN THE DEPTHS OF A SPATIO-TEMPORAL WAVE, APART FROM THE SPIRAL VORTEX OF THE KARMIC CHAIN, SEVERAL HUMANOIDS...
...ARE CENTERING THEIR SUBTLE SENSES, HAVING PICKED UP THE MAGNETIC WAVE EMITTED BY HEILMAN AT THE TIME OF HIS DISINTEGRATION IN THE ROBOT DIMENSION.
AS THE MATRIX-ANTENNA OPENS, THOSE PRESENT MARVEL AT THE UNUSUAL BEAUTY OF THE NEWCOMER

OPENING HIS NEW EYES, HE IS AWARE THAT HE IS BEING WELCOMED BY THE SEERS WHO HAVE BROUGHT ABOUT HIS MATERIALIZATION IN THIS INTERMEDIATE REALM.
HE RESPONDS TO THEIR BROTHERLY SALUTE AND STEPS TOWARD..
...A WINDOW, BENEATH WHICH RISE THE TOWERS OF A CITY...
AS SOMEONE TELLS HIM, ITS INHABITANTS ARE PLUNGED INTO A MYSTIC ECSTASY, WHOSE DELIGHTS HE WILL ALSO TASTE.


LATER, A CHARMING CREATURE ACTS AS GUIDE FOR OUR INTERDIMENSIONAL TOURIST...
BUT A GUARDED DOOR SUDDENLY MAKES HIM DOUBT THE PERFECTION OF THIS ESOTERIC SOCIETY...
HIS GUIDE HURRIES HIM PAST IT, BUT HE TURNS BACK TO NOTICE A PITIFUL CROWD BEING PUSHED IMPERIOUSLY ALONG...
THE NEXT DAY, ALL THE INHABITANTS OF THIS PSEUDO-PARADISE HEAD TOWARD ITS CENTER FOR A COLLECTIVE ILLUMINATION, TO WHICH HEILMAN, NOT YET INITIATED, IS NOT INVITED.
HE USES THE TIME TO RETURN TO THE MYSTERIOUS DOOR HE HAD NOTICED EARLIER.


QUICKLY ENOUGH, HE UNDERSTANDS THAT HE MUST USE FORCE IF HE IS TO UNDERSTAND THE SECRET!... HAVING NOTHING BUT HIS LIFE TO LOSE...
...HE ATTACKS!
HE MEETS LITTLE RESISTANCE, STEPS OVER THE GUARDS, MORE SUITED TO CONTEMPLATION THAN TO ACTION, AND DESCENDS A FEW STEPS TO DISCOVER...
...A TORTURE CHAMBER WHERE THE COSMIC COMRADES OF THIS IDYLLIC DIMENSION ENFORCE THEIR SUPERIORITY...
...OVER THOSE THEY CONSIDER THEIR INFERIORS.


MOVED BY SUCH INJUSTICE, HE DOES WHAT THE EYES OF THESE MONSTERS IMPLORE HIM TO DO.
ONCE FREED, THEY MAKE HEILMAN UNDERSTAND THAT THEIR SOVEREIGN IS ABOUT TO BE SACRIFICED UPON THE CRYSTAL ALTAR...
WHILE THESE INOFFENSIVE CREATURES CAST OFF THEIR CHAINS, HE LEAVES THEM TO RUN TOWARD THE CENTER OF THE CITY.
THE STREETS ARE DESERTED ...HE ARRIVES QUICKLY AT THE DOOR OF THE TEMPLE...
...HE LOCKS THE GATE WITH HIS SHIRT..
...AND CLIMBS THE TOWER.


THE SILENCE WHICH REIGNS WITHIN ALLOWS HIM TO HOPE THAT HE HAS ARRIVED BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF THE CEREMONY..
ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE TEMPLE, A BUCKET TILTS TO POUR A CORROSIVE LIQUID OVER A BODY COVERED IN A LIGHT SHEET. ONLY A FEW DROPS WILL DESTROY THE VICTIM...
THIS IS THE METHOD CHOSEN TO ELIMINATE THE PEACEFUL NATIVES WHO INHABIT THIS HARBOR OF TRANQUILITY, LOST IN THE FOLDS OF THE UNIVERSE.
LOSING NO TIME, HEILMAN LEAPS ON A CABLE AND FLIES OVER THE FLOCK OF FOOLS WHOSE GAZE IS RIVETED ON THE ALTAR.

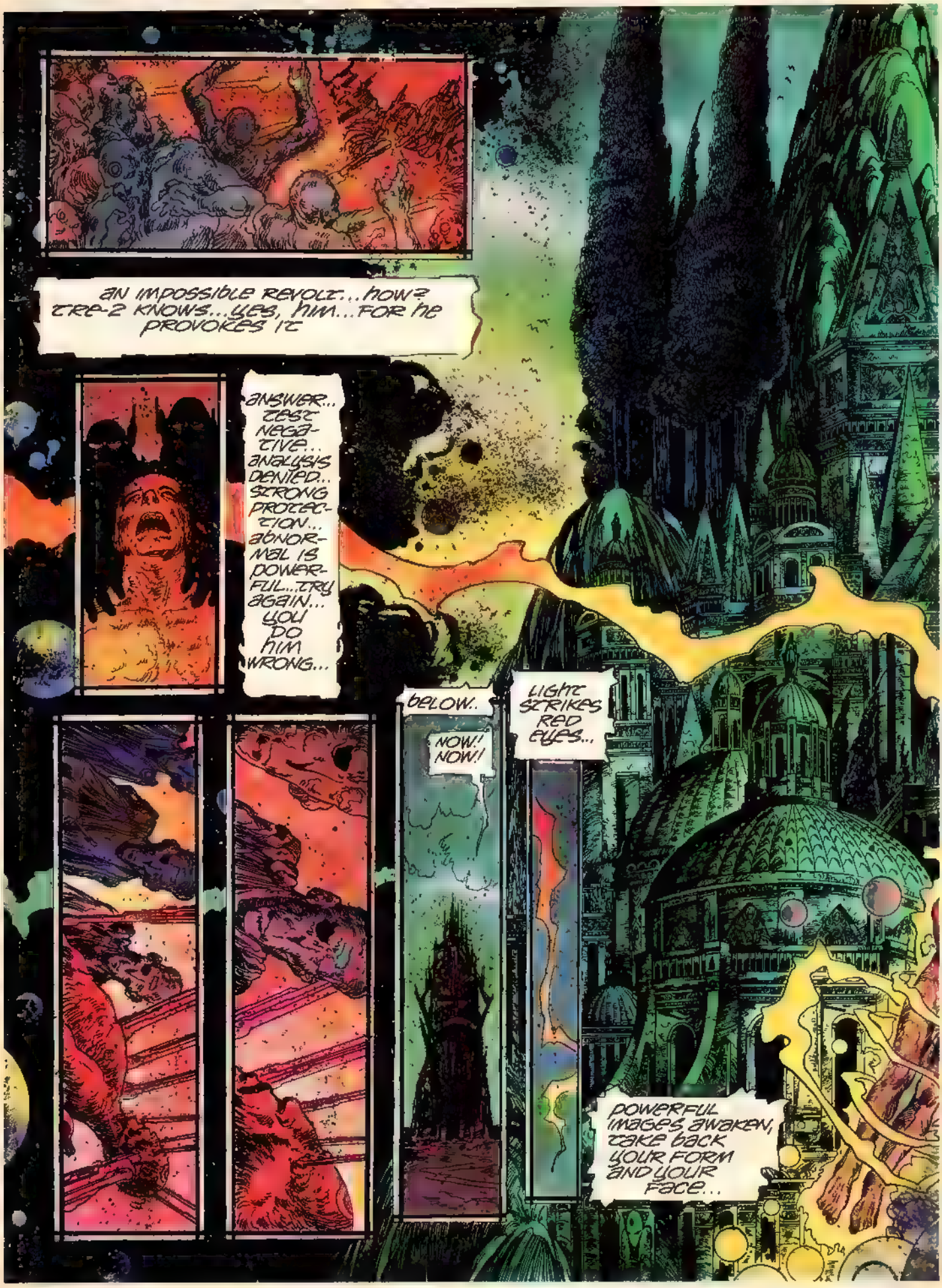
...WITH THOSE ACTIVATING THE PULLEYS THAT TILT THE BUCKET...
AS HE GRASPS THE QUEEN OF THE OPPRESSED PEOPLE, THE CABLE ON WHICH HE IS SUSPENDED INTERTWINES...
30

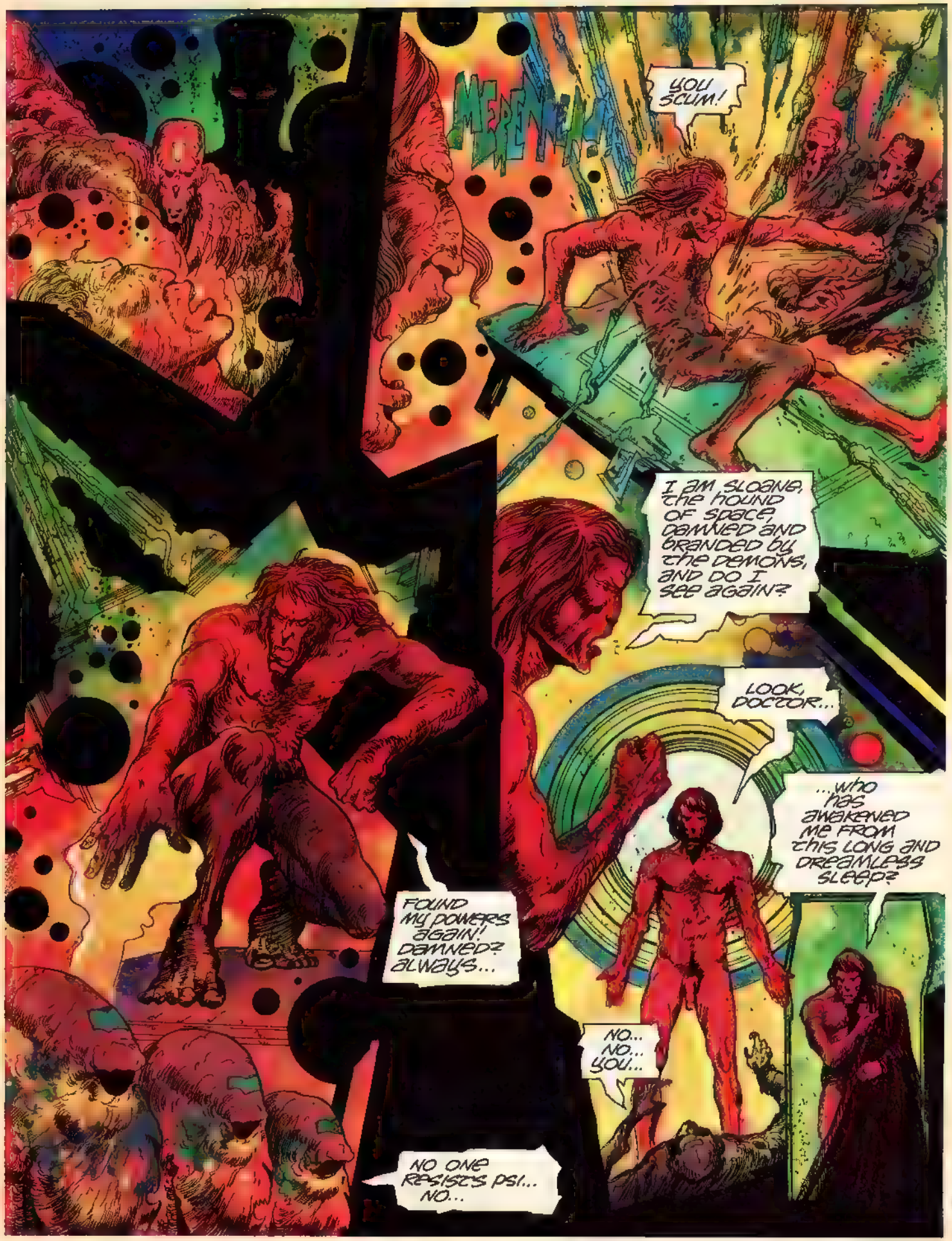
...AND WHAT A CATASTROPHE!
THE SACRIFICIAL LIQUID POURS OUT OVER THE AUDIENCE, WHICH CANNOT FLEE, AS THE MAIN EXIT IS BLOCKED...
THEN, ON THE EXTERIOR WALLS, HEILMAN RE-JOINS HIS FRIGHTENED ALLIES, TO DELIVER HIS BURDEN TO THEM...
REALIZING THIS AS HE HEARS THE SCREAMS FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE, HEILMAN KNOWS THAT, HAVING FREED THESE CREATURES, HE IS CONDEMNED TO BEING AN OUTSIDER AMONG THEM...
ALREADY, MORE THAN HALF THE SECT HAS PERISHED IN THE ACCIDENTAL GENOCIDE.

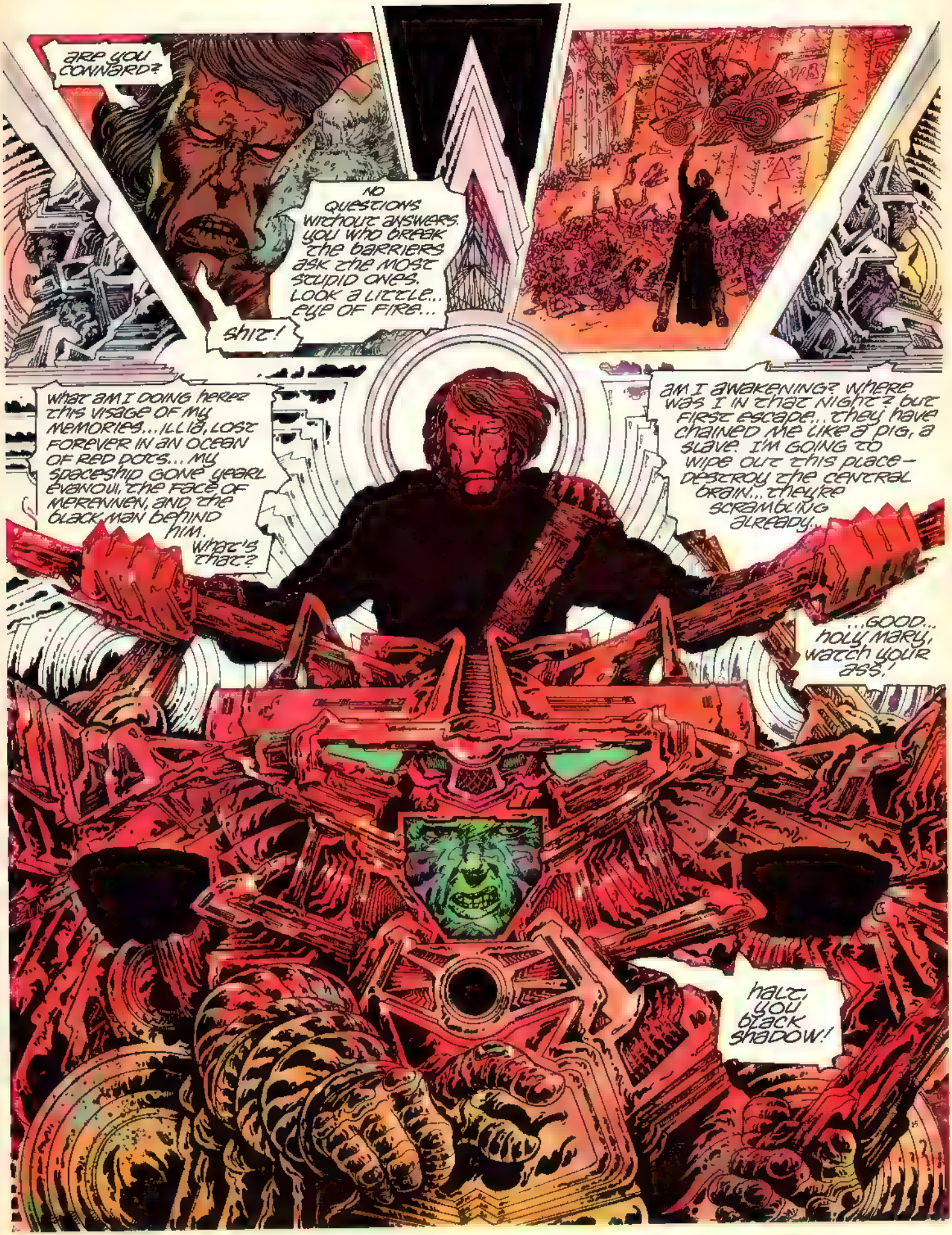
IMAGINING A LONELY FUTURE FOR HIMSELF, WITH NO PLACE AMONGST THESE CREATURES SO UNLIKE HIMSELF, HE IS OVERCOME WITH THE DESIRE TO PUT AN END TO HIS MATERIAL LIFE ON THIS EXISTENTIAL PLANE...
HE QUIETLY ESCAPES, AS THEY UNVEIL THE FORM OF THEIR LIBERATED QUEEN...
...AND WITHOUT EVEN TURNING AROUND TO SEE WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE, IMAGINING HER TO BE AS UNATTRACTIVE AS HER SUBJECTS, HE THROWS HIMSELF, IN A SUICIDAL PLUNGE, INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE.
TO BE CONTINUED...

SO FAR...

SLOANE HAS LOST HIS MEMORY UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES. UNCONSCIOUS, HE HAS BEEN TAKEN PRISONER AND LED LIKE A COMMON CONVICT TO THE BOUNDARIES OF HOLY MARY OF THE ANGELS, THE MOST DREADFUL PRISON IN THE GALAXIES...


AN IMPOSSIBLE REVOLT... HOW? TRE-2 KNOWS... YES, HIM... FOR HE PROVOKES IT
ANSWER... TEST NEGATIVE... ANALYSIS DENIED.. STRONG PROTECTION... ABNORMAL IS POWERFUL... TRY AGAIN... YOU DO HIM WRONG...
BELOW..
NOW! NOW!
LIGHT STRIKES RED EYES...
POWERFUL IMAGES AWAKEN, TAKE BACK YOUR FORM AND YOUR FACE...


MEPENE!
YOU SCUM!
I AM SLOANE, THE HOUND OF SPACE, DAMNED AND BRANDED BY THE DEMONS, AND DO I SEE AGAIN?
LOOK, DOCTOR...
...WHO HAS AWAKENED ME FROM THIS LONG AND DREAMLESS SLEEP?
FOUND MY POWERS AGAIN! DAMNED? ALWAYS...
NO... NO... YOU...
NO ONE RESISTS PSI... NO...


ARE YOU CONNARD?
NO QUESTIONS WITHOUT ANSWERS. YOU WHO BREAK THE BARRIERS ASK THE MOST STUPID ONES. LOOK A LITTLE... EYE OF FIRE...
SHIT!
WHAT AM I DOING HERE? THIS VISAGE OF MY MEMORIES... ILLIA, LOST FOREVER IN AN OCEAN OF RED DOTS... MY SPACESHIP GONE YEARL EVANOUI, THE FACE OF MERENNEN, AND THE BLACK MAN BEHIND HIM. WHAT'S THAT?
AM I AWAKENING? WHERE WAS I IN THAT NIGHT? BUT FIRST ESCAPE... THEY HAVE CHAINED ME LIKE A PIG, A SLAVE. I'M GOING TO WIPE OUT THIS PLACE— DESTROY THE CENTRAL BRAIN... THEY'RE SCRAMBLING ALREADY...
...GOOD... HOLY MARY, WATCH YOUR ASS!
HALT, YOU BLACK SHADOW!

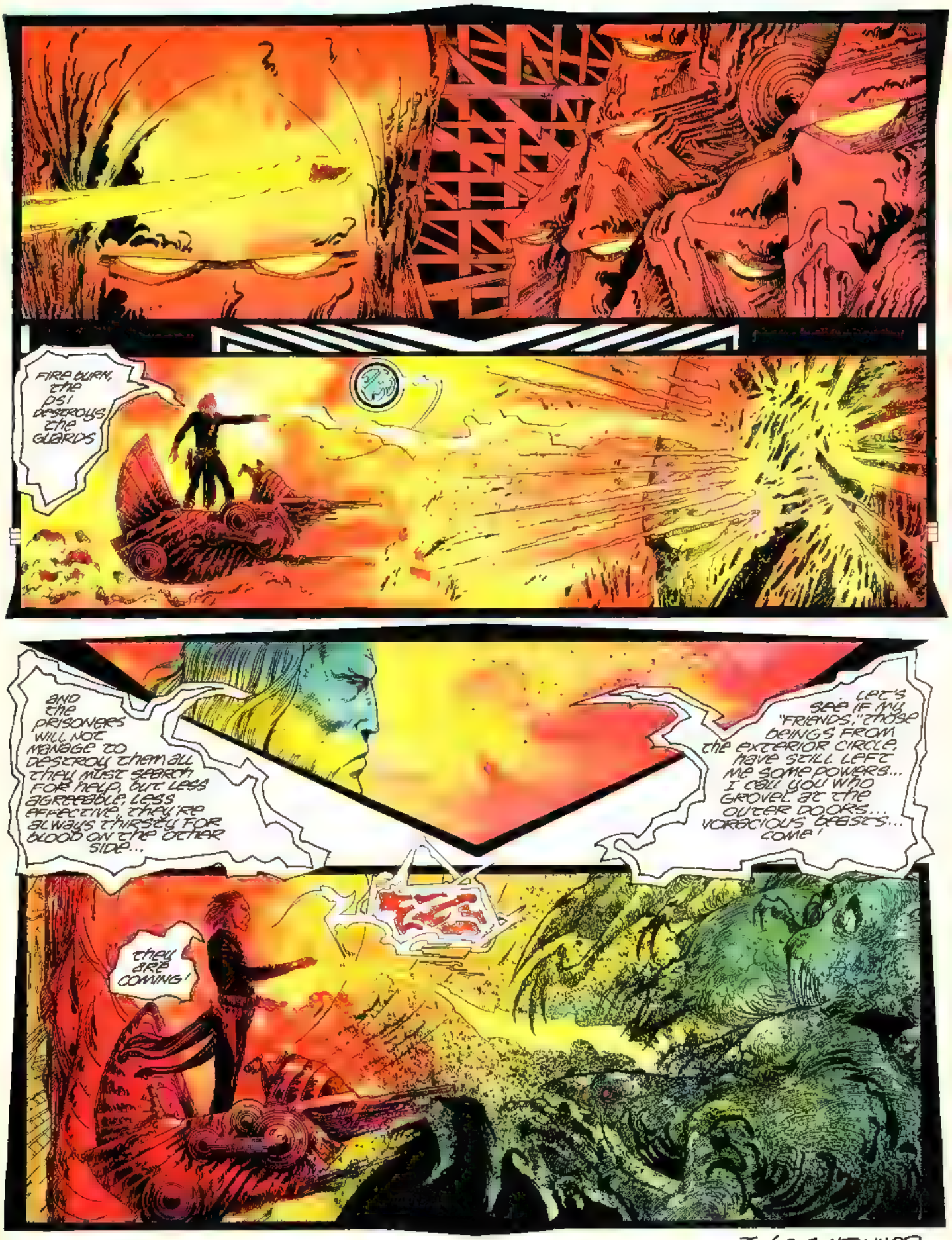
catch him!
LOOK, the terres-trial!

CASCA!!

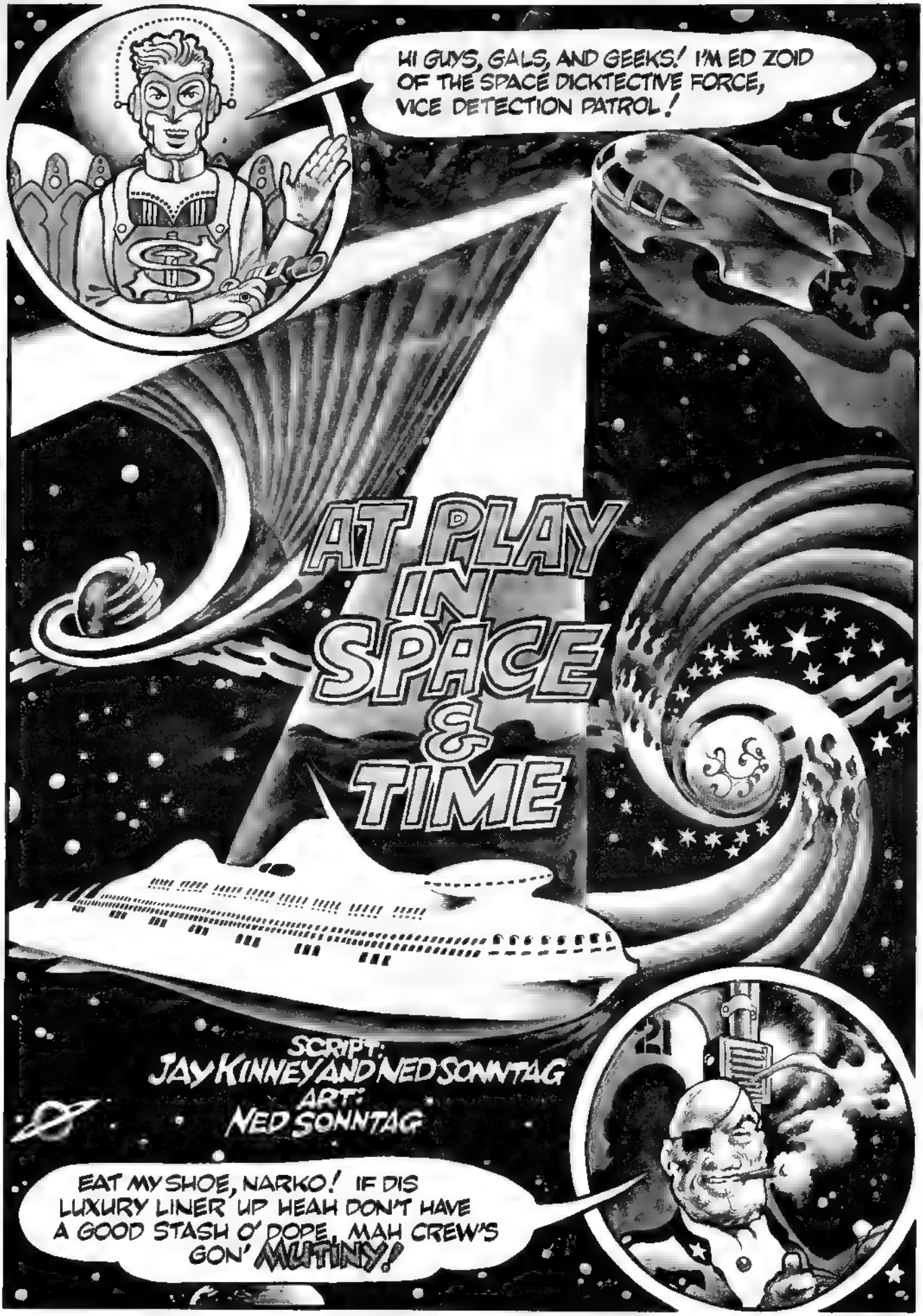
LOOK, THE TERRES-TRIAL!

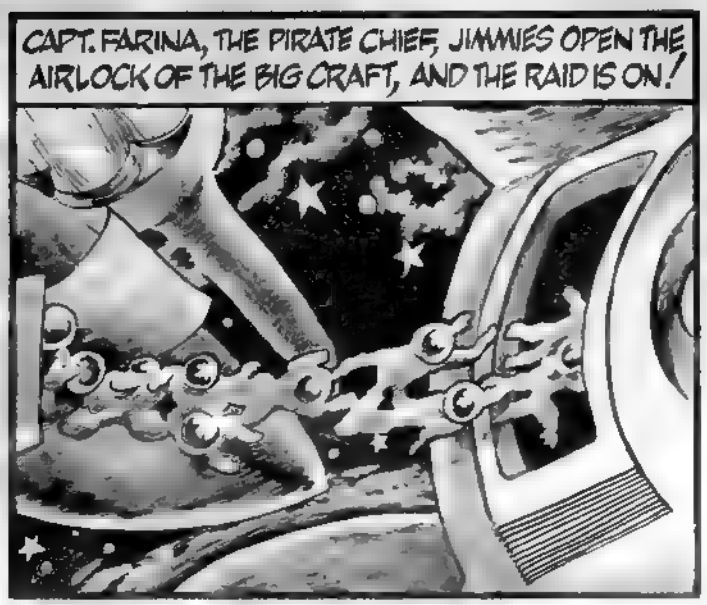
THE TERRESTRIAL WARRIORS ARE FREE! NOW...

THE GARRIARS HAVE FALLEN... MADNESS REIGNS AT LAST... FREEDOM IS NOW...

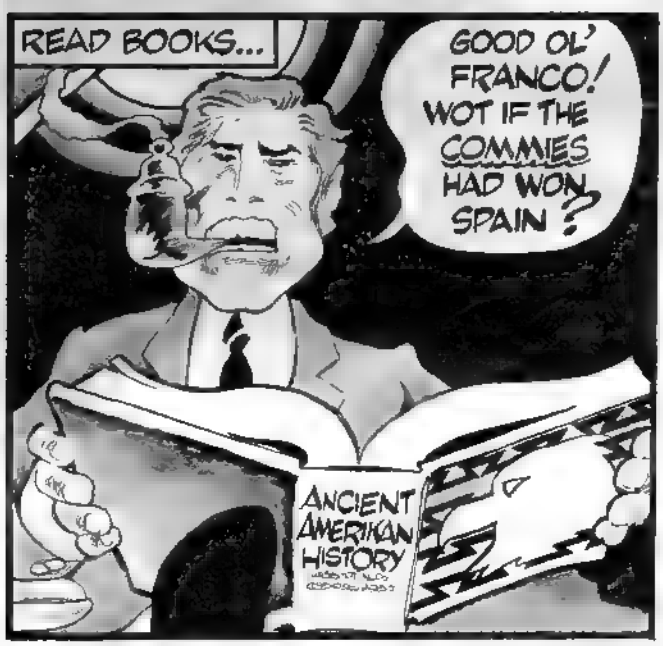

FIRE BURN, THE PSI DESTROYS THE GLEROS
AND THE PRISONERS WILL NOT MANAGE TO DESTROY THEM ALL. THEY MUST SEARCH FOR HELP, BUT LESS AGREEABLE, LESS EFFECTIVE, THEY'RE ALWAYS THIRSTY FOR BLOOD ON THE OTHER SIDE...
LET'S SEE IF MY "FRIENDS," THOSE BEINGS FROM THE EXTERIOR CIRCLE, HAVE STILL LEFT ME SOME POWERS... I CALL YOU WHO GROVEL AT THE OUTER DOORS... VORACIOUS BEASTS... COME!
THEY ARE COMING!

TO BE CONTINUED...


HI GUYS, GALS, AND GEEKS! I'M ED ZOID OF THE SPACE DICKTECTIVE FORCE, VICE DETECTION PATROL!
AT PLAY IN SPACE & TIME
SCRIPT: JAY KINNEY AND NED SONNTAG
ART: NED SONNTAG
EAT MY SHOE, NARKO! IF DIS LUXURY LINER UP HEAH DON'T HAVE A GOOD STASH O' DOPE, MAH CREW'S GON' MUTINY!



IN THE GRIP OF THE TRIP! NOTHING MUCH TO DO IN INTERSTELLAR SPACE EXCEPT...



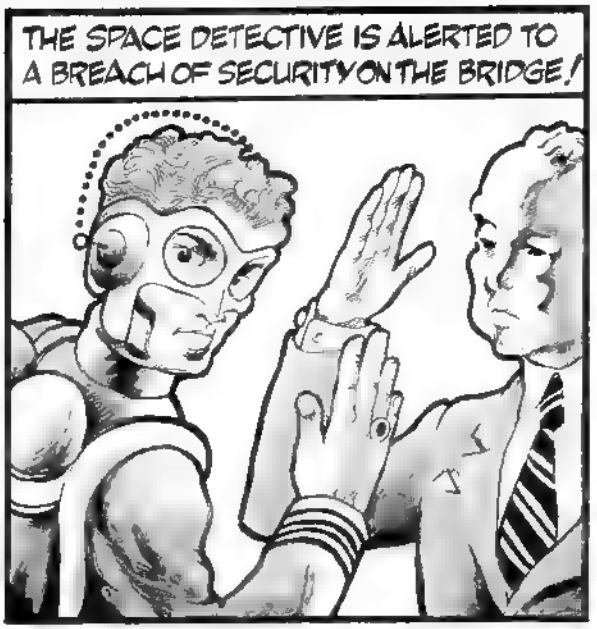
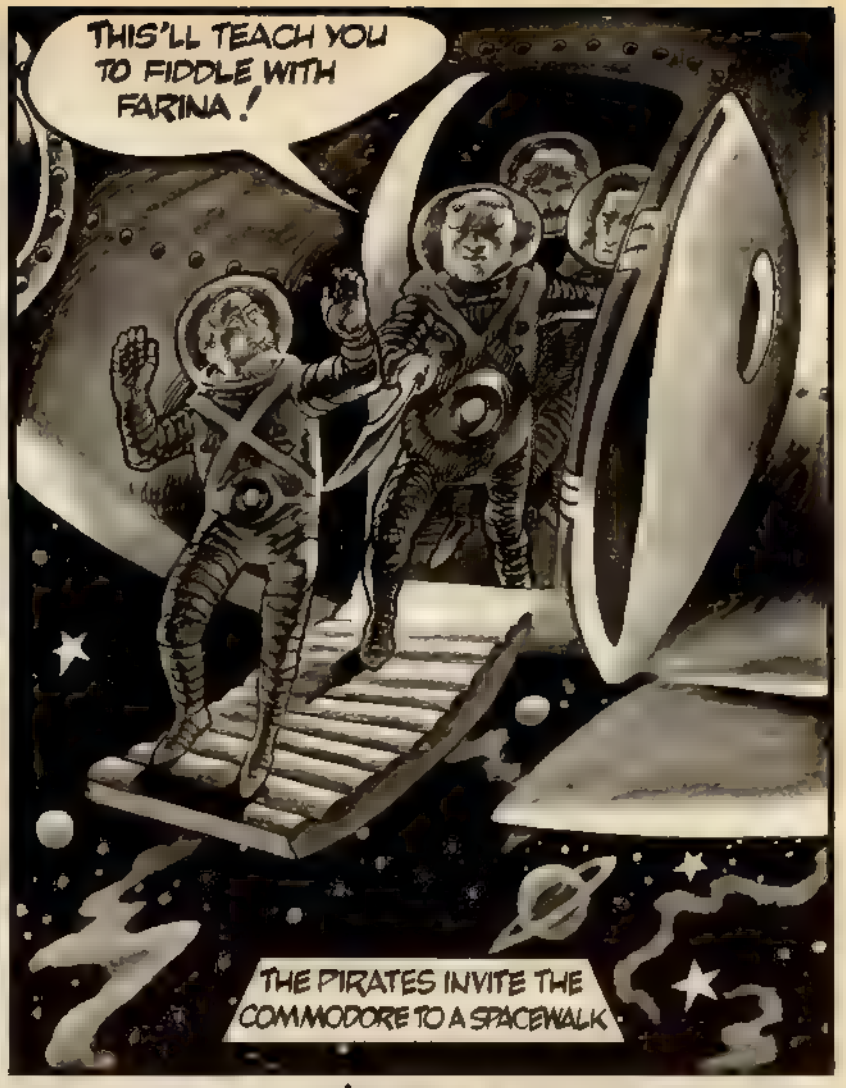


CHART
MY VALVE IS JAMMED


THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO FIDDLE WITH FARINA!
THE PIRATES INVITE THE COMMODORE TO A SPACEWALK

GOD! A KUNT!
YOU AREN'T THE COMMODORE!
SLAM!

CAPTAIN! THE NARC SQUAD HAS FOUND US!!
OH FUCK!

JEEZ!
OOPS!
SPLAT
UNGH

ZPOP!
NGER
NUCLEAR DAMPER RODS
YULL NEVER GET ME, KOPPER!
ANY CLOSER AN' I BLOW UP THIS FUCKIN' SHIP!
SUDDENLY...
WAIT!
STOP!
YIKES! IT'S THE HAREM, CAPTAIN!
SHEIK ALI BEY'S HAREM! CAN'T LET THEM BE KILLED!
ZAM
WAITRESS! THERE'S A FLY IN MY SOUP!
THE END

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